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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1895.

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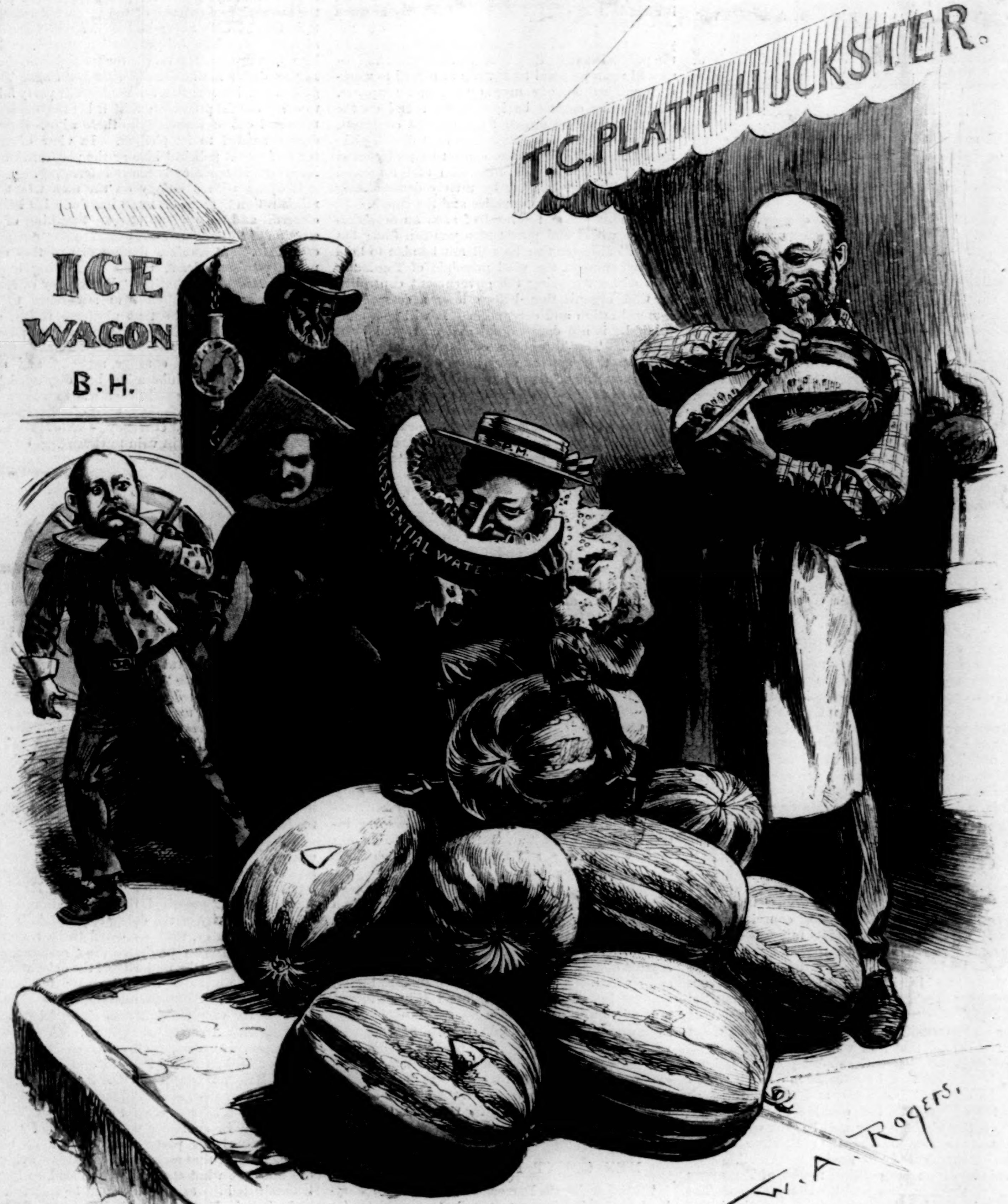
T.C.PLATT HUCKSTER.
ICE
WAGON
B.H.
P.M
PRESIDENTIAL WATE
W. A. Rogers.

ONLY A BAIT.

T. C. P. "If this don't fetch trade, then I don't understand the hucksterin' business."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 17, 1895.

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TAMMANY DEMOCRACY.

THE rumor that there are negotiations going on between Tammany Hall and some members of the State Democracy—not its honorable leaders, of course—for "a reunion of the Democratic forces" is probably not without foundation. We pity the State Democrats engaged in such business. This pity is by no means unmixed with contempt. Contempt perhaps constitutes the larger part of the mixture. Tammany, no doubt, will welcome those State Democrats with open arms. It will sing to them the song of harmony in the sweetest notes. It will tell them that since the enforcement of the excise law on Sunday has created so confused a commotion, there is a new chance of Democratic victory in the city, if only the Democrats will "get together." It may open to them the prospect of high places in the organization, with all the advantages connected therewith. It may also try to soothe their consciences with the promise that it will conduct itself decently, even virtuously, and that the infusion of new blood will facilitate a future reorganization to that end. And the State Democrats willing to be seduced may try to deceive themselves by believing it. They will certainly not deceive anybody else. They will not make anybody forget that the reason for which the State Democracy, together with the respectable part of the citizenship of New York city, went into the fight against Tammany was not merely that Tammany happened to have done some outrageous things, but that Tammany in the very nature of its being is a corrupt and corrupting institution, and cannot possibly be anything else.

As the State Democrats very well know—for they have proclaimed it as one of the principal grounds of their opposition—Tammany is not a political party. It cares nothing about principles or policies, nothing about the tariff, nothing about the silver question, nothing about questions of taxation, nothing about the national administration, nothing about the Democratic party, except so far as the advocacy or the triumph of this or that cause or this or that party may increase or diminish the power of Tammany to put its hands into other people's pockets. To be sure, Tammany will occasionally adopt all sorts of flaming resolutions concerning those things, and protest its fidelity to the Democratic party in the most touching accents; but it would resolve and protest the other way without the slightest compunction of conscience if it thought that it could promote its interests—that is, that it could increase its power to rob—by taking the other side. It has, in fact, more than once stabbed the party to which it professes allegiance, and opposed its candidates, not for the reason that the party and its candidates were, from the point of view of the public interest, not good enough, but for the reason that they were too good for Tammany's comfort. It will support good candidates only if it knows that by refusing to do so it would ruin its own future chances and opportunities, as was the case at the last election of CLEVELAND. But, on the whole, it may well be said, without the slightest exaggeration, that the party can obtain its effective support only by paying blackmail.

This has been the political record of Tammany for several generations, and it will remain so. The reason is simple. Tammany is an organization of the rank and file of which the ignorant and the vicious classes of the population constitute a part so large that it may be said to be in effect predominant. Those classes are held in the Tammany ranks, and are made to do political service at the tap of the Tammany drum, not by being instructed in political science or by being interested in certain political principles or measures, but by being individually "taken care of." They are taken care of by being put in the public service with good pay and little work, by being aided with money when they are in need, by being bailed out when they are arrested for misconduct, by being protected by political "pull" against the punishment due to their crimes, and by being looked after in every possible way by the Tammany leaders of their districts. This is the system by which Tammany holds its forces together; and the effective carrying on of such a system requires money, and a great deal of it; it requires public places with good pay irrespective of the service rendered, and no end of them; it requires abundant plunder of all sorts for reward and encouragement; it requires a control of the police and the courts by the organization to enforce blackmail and to keep the faithful out of jail. This money will not be furnished by private benevolence; it must be taken out of the public treasury in some way. The public places cannot be confined to the public necessities and be filled in accordance with the public interest; they must be multiplied and bestowed upon political tools without regard to working qualifications, of course at great public expense. The plunder cannot be innocently found on the street; it must be drawn from corrupt contracts, dishonest jobs, and opportunities for thievish pickings. The criminal classes cannot be protected in the way of honest administration and impartial justice; it must be done by utterly demoralizing and corrupting both the police and the bench.

You may put at the head of such an organization the wisest and purest man you can find; but you will discover that he will not be able to hold it together upon the vital principle of Tammany Hall without making the government controlled by that organization before long a cesspool of demoralization and corruption. It will be a marvel if he is not demoralized and corrupted by it himself. The Tammany chiefs who gradually built up that system may have originally been good enough men, but the practice of robbing the public to take care of the organization made the temptation of taking care of themselves by robbing the public too strong for ordinary mortals. And thus Tammany has, as the inevitable result of the enrolment of the ignorant and vicious classes upon the taking-care principle, become the robber organization as revealed to us in part by the investigations of last year. And so Tammany will remain, notwithstanding its occasional fair promises and proclamations. Such as it is, it must steal, it must create useless places and fill them with useless men, it must levy blackmail, it must corrupt the police and the bench and every public department—it must do all these things in order to exist. It is easier to turn a gambling hell into a theological seminary than to turn Tammany into an honest and useful political organization.

The State Democrats negotiating with Tammany for union and harmony know all this. They know that to unite or to co-operate with Tammany means the renunciation of all the high principles and aims which they professed in opposing Tammany. If they still pretend to profess these principles and aims, they will only add hypocrisy to treachery. The man who vouches for a notorious rascal will not raise the rascal's credit, but only destroy his own. It is to be hoped that the number of State Democrats engaged in this sorry intrigue is small, and that there are no men among them who have a fair name to lose. The State Democracy, even if it did not succeed in rallying to its banner a controlling majority of the Democracy of New York, was strong enough to perform a service of eminent usefulness. It could teach the Democratic party of New York that if it submitted to the rule of HILL, MURPHY, and Tammany Hall, it must also resign itself to defeat. It will have to show whether it still has men of principle, honor, and patriotic devotion enough to fulfil this important mission. The conscientious men of the State Democracy would, no doubt, be glad to co-operate with other organizations against Tammany on a non-partisan basis. We sincerely wish them that opportunity; but even if it should be denied them, co-operation with Tammany on the ground of common partisanship is surely for them the last thing to think of.

MEN COUNT FOR EVERYTHING.

THE other day the Democrats of the State of Maryland met at Baltimore to nominate candidates for Governor, Comptroller, and Attorney-General. The resolutions which they adopted were of a character calculated to give pleasure to every friend of good government in the country. In order to appreciate this platform fully it must be borne in mind that Senator GORMAN has been for some years the recognized leader of the Democracy of Maryland, and, through the opportunity given to him by his State, he is a leader of the Democracy of the nation, and he has done more than any other Democrat to discredit the party which won the confidence of the country in 1892 by nominating Mr. CLEVELAND.

It was Senator GORMAN who was the head and front of the treacherous movement which was undertaken during the extraordinary session of 1893 to prevent the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act. Pretending to be a friend of the administration, and to desire to effect the object for which Mr. CLEVELAND called the session, he fostered hopes in the minds of the silver men, and encouraged them to hold out against the majority, which favored unconditional repeal, until the Senate was disgraced and became the target for the scorn and anger of the whole country.

It was Senator GORMAN, also, who did his best to cripple and destroy the WILSON tariff bill. He was the bulwark and defence of the protected interests that fought with anger and skill against the loss of the taxes which for years the government had been taking from the people for their private gain. It was under his leadership that the Sugar Trust gained its triumph; that the Democratic party failed to carry out its promises; that it became contemptible and odious, especially to those who had confidently trusted to its pledges. In view of these facts of recent political history the platform of the Maryland Democracy becomes interesting.

It opens with a eulogy on the man whose administration Senator GORMAN has done his best to discredit and make of no effect. Speaking of the election of 1892, it calls Mr. CLEVELAND "our great candidate." It ascribes the victory of that campaign, partly at least, to his "inspiring leadership." It declares that the "Democracy of Maryland . . . . proclaim their firm adherence to the principles declared in that platform (1892), and their unabated confidence in the wisdom, patriotism, and fidelity of President CLEVELAND."

It commends "the courage, sagacity, and ability" which his administration has displayed "in its determined and resolute efforts to rescue the country from the deplorable evils of a fluctuating, unstable, and debased currency"—efforts that Mr. GORMAN endeavored in vain to thwart.

It approves the indictment of the SHERMAN act as a "cowardly makeshift," and rejoices that "one of the first fruits of our victory was the passage of an act wiping it from the statute-book"—an act which Mr. GORMAN did his best to mutilate and defeat.

It congratulates the country that the MCKINLEY act is repealed, and that the new law, "while not containing all that the advanced advocates of tariff reform hoped would be secured, gives us, nevertheless, the best tariff which the country has had for thirty-five years." Who but GORMAN is responsible for the failure to pass a law containing, if not all, more of what tariff-reformers hoped for than is embodied in the present law? These "vital and beneficial reforms" were "accomplished in the face of obstacles that seemed almost insurmountable," the platform goes on to say. And of these obstacles not one was so great, so threatening, so difficult to overcome, as Senator GORMAN.

There was a State issue, also, with which this convention was called upon to deal. In order to secure "uniform and equal taxation," it declared in favor of a reassessment of all the property of the State.

Having uttered these brave words, what did this convention do? It did exactly what Senator GORMAN told it to do. There is some talk of GORMAN'S treachery to State Senator THOMAS G. HAYES, to whom he had promised the nomination, and to whom a majority of the delegates, especially those from the country, were supposed to be favorable. He is said to have represented the "reassessment" issue. Whether the majority of the delegates were in favor of HAYES or not, they voted for JOHN E. HURST, a rich dry-goods merchant of Baltimore, because he was GORMAN'S choice. That astute gentleman had permitted the convention to adopt a platform which was a vigorous condemnation of him as a United States Senator and of his treachery to Mr. CLEVELAND and the Democratic party. This condemnation could not more effectively point to GORMAN'S subserviency to the Sugar Trust if it declared in so many words its belief that he had betrayed his party and defeated its bill at the bidding of that monopoly. GORMAN evidently did not care what the convention said, so long as it nominated the candidate whom he selected.

As it is in Maryland so it is in other States of the country. The sound-money men of Kentucky won a brilliant victory over the silver men in the platform, and then nominated a silver man as candidate for Governor. A Senator who was a potent ally of GORMAN'S in the effort to defeat unconditional repeal of the **Sherman** act, and to emasculate and distort the **Wilson** tariff bill, was **Brice** of Ohio. Another active ally was Senator **Hill** of this State. But it is determined, if the Democrats carry the Legislature at the coming election in Ohio, that Mr. **Brice** shall be again elected to the Senate; and not only is there no sign that Mr. **Hill**'s leadership in New York is weakened, but there are evidences that he may be placed at the head of a reorganized and an ostensibly purified Democracy.

It is clear from all this that the Democratic party everywhere assumes that every man who calls himself a Democrat is worthy to be a Democratic candidate. If the conventions only make professions enough, they can put forward candidates that are themselves embodied denials of all those professions. The party will find itself committing a fatal error, however, if it continue to say one thing and do another until the National Convention of 1896. Its own history would teach its leaders the lesson of wisdom if they were capable of receiving instruction. The party obtained a majority of the popular vote in 1876 because Mr. **Tilden** was supposed to stand for the reform declared to be necessary in the platform. It elected Mr. **Cleveland** in 1884 and 1892 because he interpreted the platform so that it was known to promise tariff reform, honest money, and civil service reform. The people are voting for men, and no matter how sound may be the platform—and no platform could be sounder than that adopted by the Maryland Democrats—the candidate must stand for the principles laid down if he is to receive the votes of those for whose gratification (or delusion) the platform is composed. The party which pretends to be for reform of the currency and the tariff, and to approve of **Cleveland** and the acts of his administration, and which yet follows **Gorman**, **Brice**, and **Hill**, deserves and receives the contempt of honest men.

Men not only count for something in the politics of to-day; they count for everything.

THE "COLUMBIA'S" SPEED TRIP.

The Navy Department is said to be very much gratified by the *Columbia's* trip from Southampton to New York. The trip was finished on the 2d of August, and the *Columbia's* time from port to port was 6 days, 23 hours, and 49 minutes. It is said that this "breaks the record" for war-vessels. As no other war-vessel ever made this trip—or, so far as we are informed, any other speed trip of equal length—this may be true without being significant or important. Judging from Captain **Sumner**'s report, the officers of the navy are not so elated over the ship's performance as the civilians of the department.

The *Columbia* has a coal capacity of 1670 tons. In order to enable her to make the speed she did, her captain took on 1861½ tons. The extra coal was stored in various places. If an actual chase or flight had been in progress it would have materially interfered with the orderly management of the vessel. As it was, the crew were greatly fatigued by the extra work involved in carrying coal long distances. This voyage was a speed trial, but it was made under such circumstances that the extra coal was not actually needed, but was doubtless taken on board by way of precaution. The trip was made under what is called natural draught; that is, the full horse-power of the engines and the highest speed of the ship were not attained. A good deal is made of this point, but, as a matter of fact, the captain of the *Columbia* had no such alternative as is suggested by it. His ship could not have crossed the ocean at full speed even with the extra coal-supply.

The *Columbia*, at full speed, consumes 436.32 tons of coal a day. At this rate the supply of 1861½ tons of coal would have been exhausted in less than 4½ days. And if the ship had made the speed that was developed on her trial trip, 22.8 knots, she would have travelled less than 2500 miles of her journey, and would then have been a floating helpless hulk, entirely out of motive-power. But no one ever heard of a war-ship developing her trial speed a second time. Besides, the *Columbia*, as her builder pointed out, did not have a sufficient number of men in the boiler-room for the production of any such speed.

On the whole, this ocean speed trial of one of the two fastest "commerce-destroyers" in the navy furnishes an argument against that kind of war-vessel. On this evidence the government ought not to waste any additional millions on ships of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* type. They are built for a purpose which is contrary to the teachings and spirit of our civilization. The experience of maritime powers is that very little, if anything, is gained by making deliberate war on commerce, and there is something revolting in the mere suggestion that the officers and men of the navy should become piratical cruisers, sailing the high seas in search of defenceless merchantmen, and running away from war-ships. It is a cowardly game that the *Columbia* was built to play, and, on the whole, right-thinking men, in and out of the navy, will be glad to learn that she and her sister ship are probably failures. If their failure should put an end to the proposed business of "commerce-destroyers," the world would be better off, and civilization would be materially advanced.

The *Columbia* could catch ocean tramps and freighters, of course, but there is no necessity of developing the art of naval architecture to its highest point to accomplish that end. Almost any vessel of the new navy could do that. Even the little *Bancroft*, with a coal capacity of 141 tons, could catch a freight-steamer if she were not obliged to look very far for her quarry. But the *Columbia* and the *Minneapolis* were built to catch the "ocean greyhound," and to escape from the fleet battle-ship. They might do the last for two or three days, but it is now probably shown that they cannot catch "greyhounds." The journey that was made by the *Columbia* in 6 days, 23 hours, and 49 minutes has been made by the *New York* (liner) in 6 days, 7 hours, and 14 minutes, and even by the *Augusta Victoria* in 6 days, 19 hours, and 14 minutes. The new *St. Louis's* time on her last trip was 6 days, 17 hours, and 20 minutes. The *Columbia* cannot catch any fast liner; she cannot fight any war-ship of her own size. If she should be five days away from a coaling-station she could not escape from a first-rate armored cruiser or battle-ship of high speed. Her enemy would only have to push her to her full capacity until her coal was gone, and then she would be at his mercy. She could cruise for nearly a month if her fires are banked and her speed were reduced to that of a sailing-ship.

It was remarked at Kiel that while foreign officers admired the *New York*, there were very few, if any, compliments paid to the *Columbia*. The truth is she is nearly worthless for the purpose for which she was intended, and to accomplish which millions of money and much admirable ingenuity were expended upon her. What we need in our navy are battle-ships that can defend our harbors from attack, and there should be enough of these to provide us with ample insurance. But we ought not to think of engaging in the business of destroying commerce, and now that our crack pirates are shown to be of doubtful value at least, it is to be hoped we will definitely abandon the idea of going into the pirate's trade.

THE MURDER OF THE BANNOCKS.

We have now received what is probably the truth of the so-called Bannock uprising. Several accounts from whites and one statement at least from the Bannock chief have been published in the daily newspapers; and as they do not materially conflict with one another, and as they all substantially agree with what has been said by General **Miles** and other officers who are familiar with the Indians and the white settlers in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone Park, it may be assumed that the case is made out. The best witness was one **Manning**, a constable, who was in command of the party which arrested the Bannocks who were charged with violating the laws of Wyoming by hunting. This man confessed to a correspondent of the New York *World*, who managed to reach Jacksons Hole, that he told his men that the Indians would try to escape, and ordered them to shoot their horses if the attempt were actually made. When asked if he told them not to shoot the Indians, he said that he did not, but admitted that he supposed it was perfectly right to shoot a mere Indian for trying to escape from arrest, although he was charged with a petty offence punishable by a fine of ten dollars or imprisonment for a short period. As a matter of fact no horses seem to have been shot.

It is clear that the whites murdered the Indians. How many were killed is not definitely known, the number stated varying from three to six, and including a papoose. What the Indians assumed to be the intention of the whites is indicated by the pathetic story of one of them who was wounded, and who concealed his wound for several days, believing that the discovery of it by the whites would lead to his murder. Whether the Indians were attempting to escape or not, the killing was murder, and **Ben Sinowine**, the Bannock chief, insists that the attempt was made because it was apparent to the Indians that the whites intended to kill them. Their "break for liberty" was, in their opinion, a break for life itself. Whether or not the Indians were guilty of offending against the laws of Wyoming, their killing was murder. Death is not the penalty for an attempt to escape from arrest on a charge of misdemeanor. Besides, it is not likely that any competent lawyer will agree with Governor **Richards** that the State law overrides a treaty.

This murder should be punished. Its perpetrators are known. If they escape, they and their fellows will be encouraged to drive the Indians off the reservation or to kill them all. There has never been a more flagrant outrage against the Indians, nor one in which such sure and speedy justice can be done if the government can find in all that country a jury that will deal fairly with the murderers of the helpless and disarmed Indians.

It is said that General **Coppinger** will make a thorough investigation. But there should be more than an investigation. There should be an earnest attempt to punish the guilty whites.

AN INTERNATIONAL IMBROGLIO.

Great Britain has more than once assumed what might be properly characterized as a bullying attitude towards smaller and weaker nations, but the very latest instance of this propensity is indeed a flagrant one. A British cruiser has actually seized upon the Island of Trinidad, off the coast of Brazil, which, as everybody knows, is officially the Principality of Trinidad, with his Serene Highness **James** I., otherwise Baron **Harden-Hickey**, as its reigning sovereign.

It will be remembered that in September, 1893, Baron **Harden-Hickey** took formal possession of the island, which had been abandoned for many years, and that under the law of nations he officially notified all the other Powers of his action, the said notification being properly addressed and with postage fully prepaid. And now England, presuming upon the fact that she has some 340,000,000 of subjects as against the forty odd who owe allegiance to the Prince of Trinidad, wants the island for a cable station, and is preparing to crush *vi et armis* an interesting and intelligent infant nation in its very cradle. **James** I. of Trinidad is naturally indignant, and has issued a formal protest to the "Powers," signed with the great rubber stamp of the Principality of Trinidad, and with postage again fully prepaid. He has made an especial appeal to Secretary **Olney** on the ground that if England and Brazil get into a squabble over his kingdom the **Monroe** doctrine may find itself in hot water. The fact has also been brought out that **James** I. of Trinidad has married an American girl, and there are not so many Yankee reigning princesses that the United States can afford to neglect the interests of even the humblest of them.

It is, indeed, unfortunate that a difficulty of this nature should arise in the very height of the baseball season but we trust that Secretary **Olney** will not be unmindful of his duty, even though he may consider that the case should more properly have been brought to the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. In the mean time we counsel moderation and discretion to **James** I. of Trinidad, and recommend the placing of a special delivery stamp upon his epistolary communications to the "Powers," together with return postage. Great people are notoriously careless about their correspondence, and it is possible that Baron **Harden-Hickey**'s letter to his great and good friend Queen **Victoria** is still lying in the general delivery box at Windsor. He might try a reply postal card, together with a careful study of some complete letter-writer, or, all else failing, he can always write to the *Times*. But in any event let **James** take his pen and write quickly, lest Mr. W. S. **Gilbert** be moved to construct a comic-opera libretto upon him and his principality, and so he perish miserably under the inextinguishable laughter of gods and men.

A MILLION BICYCLES.

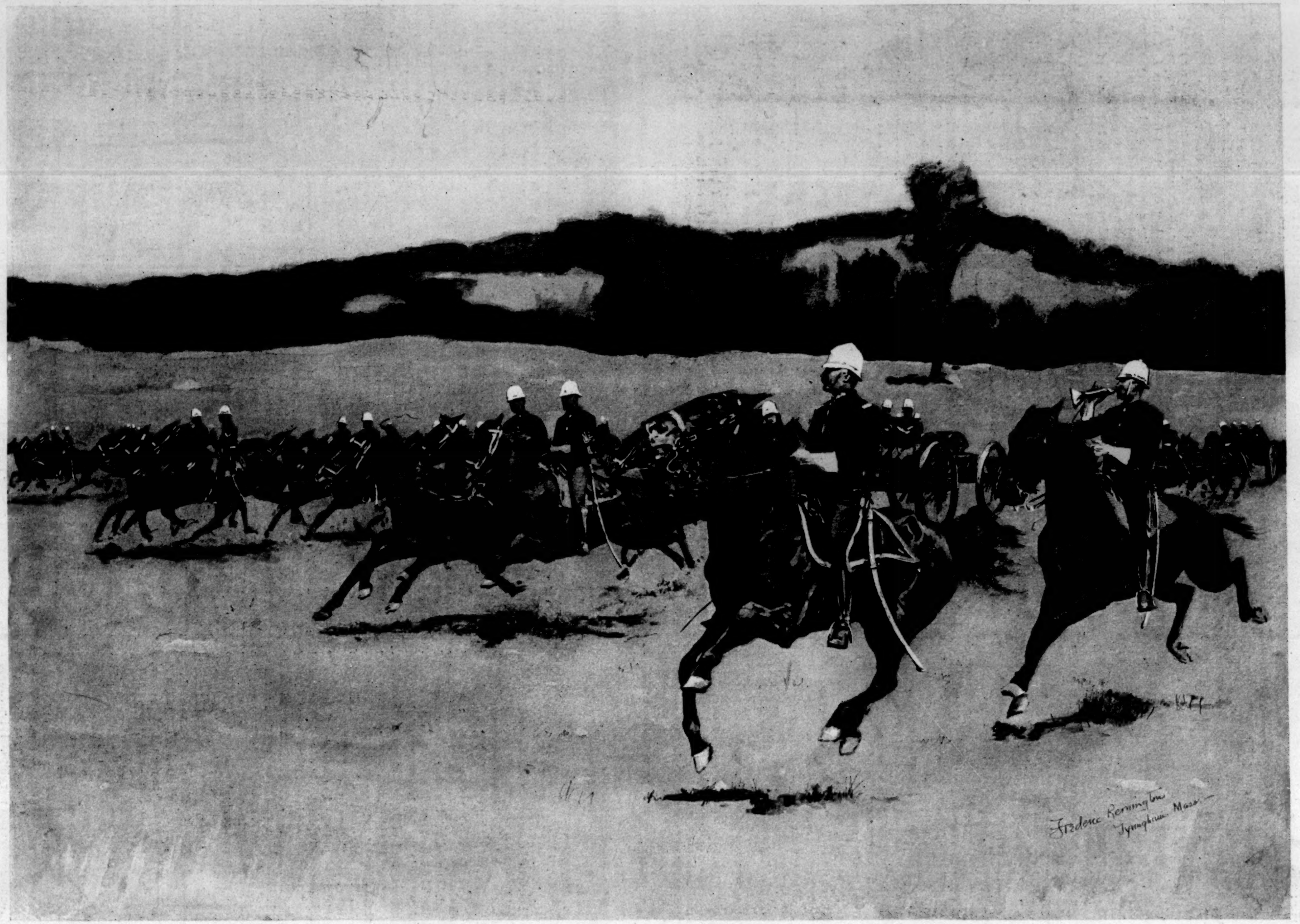
The historian who will write the true history of the closing years of the nineteenth century will be compelled to say a great deal about the growth, influence, and effects of the bicycle habit during that period.

The points which he will feel obliged to cover are as numerous as they are interesting. The bicycle, as the legitimate successor of the velocipede of a quarter of a century ago, was taken up as an appliance for exercise and pleasure. These it has furnished to an extent not anticipated by its most enthusiastic devotees. In addition, it has passed beyond any limits of mere pleasure or exercise. It has forced itself on the attention of the great war powers of the earth. It remains to be seen what warlike purposes it may serve; but it is safe to say that in the next European war the first man of the invading force in the enemy's country will be mounted on a wheel. It has conquered society. Aristocracy in England and France, as well as in this country, has recognized its worth. In adopting it the idle and luxurious classes have rendered a service by enormously increasing its popularity. The hundreds of thousands who might have hesitated between desire and dread in the uncertainty as to whether it was the proper thing have had their doubts cleared away. A custom which has the sanction of the Faubourg St.-Germain, of the British peerage, of the Michaux Club of Newport, and of the local Four Hundred in each one of our great cities is as firmly established as the Constitution with its subsequent amendments.

In this country it is creating, as we have said, social and economical conditions worthy of the attention of the historian. It may not be true, as Miss **Anthony** says, that "woman is riding to suffrage on the bicycle," but it is undoubtedly true that she is riding to greater freedom, to a nearer equality with man, to the habit of taking care of herself, and to new views on the subject of clothes philosophy. The woman on the wheel is altogether a novelty, and is essentially a product of the last decade of the century.

The economical changes which have resulted from the popularity of the bicycle are so many that we can do no more than enumerate them. It has made the question of good roads a vital question to hundreds of thousands who would otherwise have been indifferent to it. It has joined forces with electric traction in enabling us to dispense with the horse. It diverts from other methods of disbursement a sum which is estimated at fifty millions of dollars for the current year, and some of these changes are noteworthy. It is said that a great deal of money is invested in bicycles instead of being deposited in savings-banks, that many saloon-keepers and cigar-dealers find their former customers retrenching on these expenses to make their monthly payments on their wheels, and that the bicycle suit, with or without "bloomers," is made to take the place of more expensive investments with the dressmaker.

In this country alone the sales of bicycles for this year are estimated at half a million. The total number of bicycles in use is estimated at a million. These figures are mere guesses, but there is nothing incredible or improbable about them. It is certain that we are only at the beginning of what is called the bicycle craze, and the indications are that the craze is not getting ready to disappear, even if it is not getting ready, as is more likely, to supersede all other methods of locomotion.

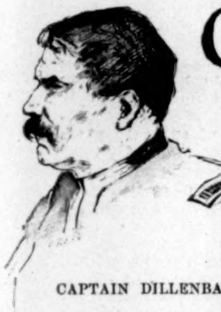

Frederic Remington
Tyringham Mass.

BATTERY K AT DRILL IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WITH THE GUNS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

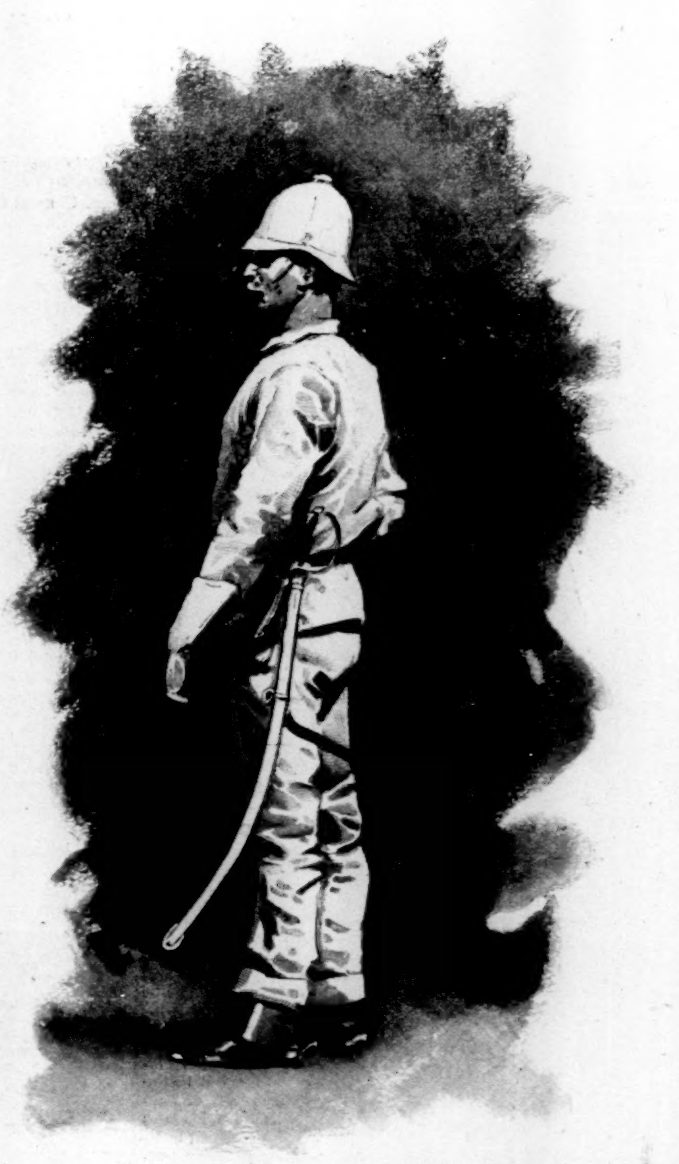
ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



CAPTAIN DILLENBACK.

CAPTAIN DILLENBACK, of Fort Hamilton, down New York Bay, had an idea. It was a good one, and finally the "big chiefs" who hold down the cane-bottomed chairs in the War Department put their respective names and titles and "approved and forwarded" on the application, and Secretary Lamont, who believes in letting the "man on horseback" ride, said "Yes," and the captain had the order for a summer march and camp in the famous old Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. On the appointed day four $3\frac{2}{10}$-inch breech-loading rifles with their caissons lined up on the parade at Fort Hamilton, and each man threw out his chest, pulled in his chin, and looked as serious as the regulations require, while the captain and the battery dog inspected; then they moved off on the one-hundred-and-fifty-mile march to the point selected up in Berkshire. The battery dog in this case is worth notice because of his tremendous responsibility and the perfect way in which he does his duty. A Yorkshire terrier had been somewhere in his line of ancestors; but Battery K is a democratic lot in its feelings, and they "took on" this canine recruit, which had nothing more to offer than a good appetite and a natural aptitude for the artillery. If he had ever been in civil life he had forgotten it, and citizens who walk through Battery K's park must look sharp or the dog will nip them, and if a citizen kicks the dog he would have to lick the battery, because the men simply adore him. They feed him, pet him, stir up his fleas with a currycomb at "stables," and scheme for the honor of being his "bunkie" at night—all of which makes a healthy life for the dog.

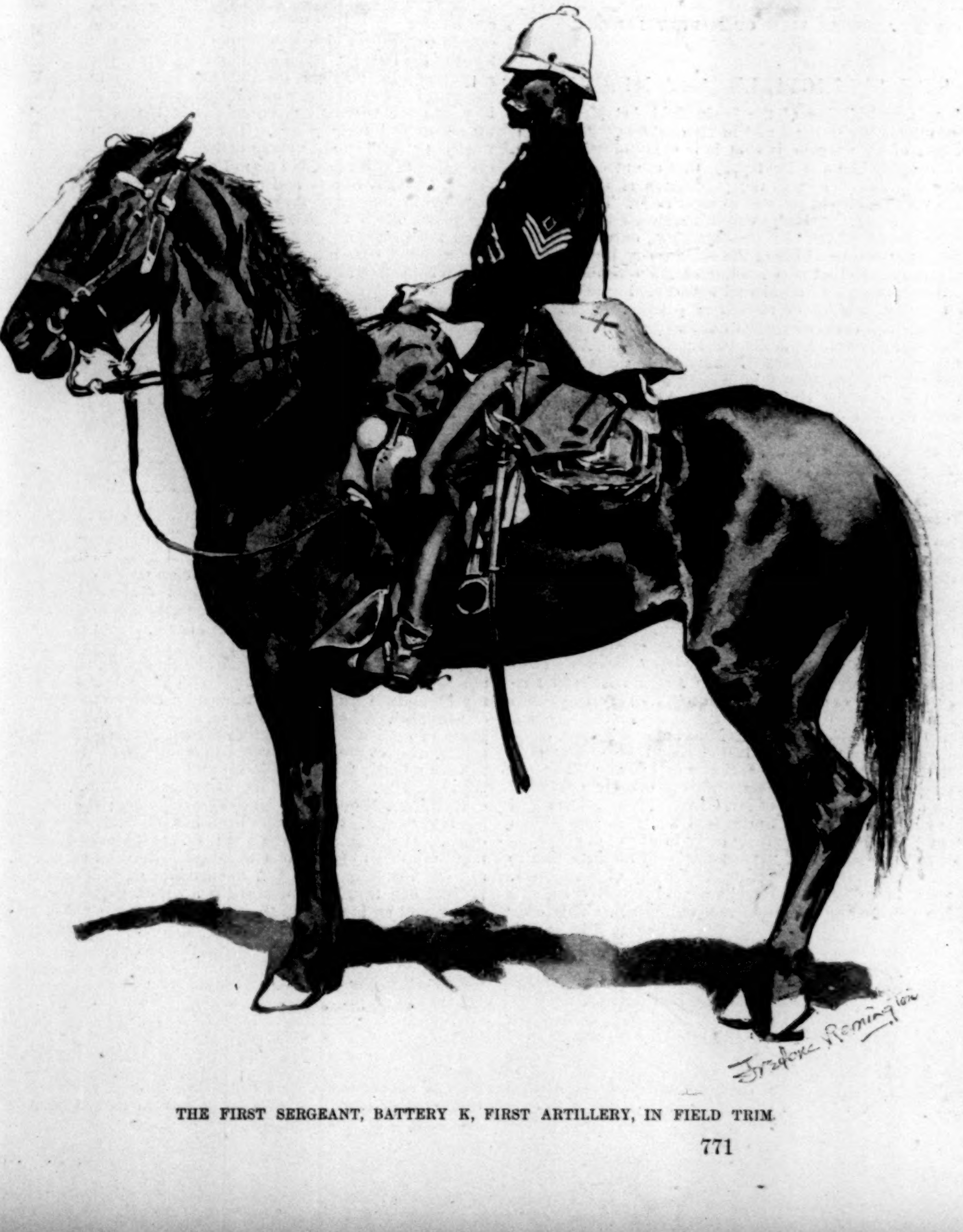
The march up is through a hill country, and they only attempted twenty miles a day. As they wound along the country roads and through the villages they were everywhere received with gusto by the people who viewed them. "It ain't so good as Buffalo Bill's, but it don't cost nothin', Samanthy," said one old fellow with chin whiskers. Strange to say, up in Massachusetts many good people were awed by the prospect of regular soldiers coming among them. I could not discover what basis there was for the awe, but it had possession. It might have been a legacy from the British, or possibly the reckless home-coming of the volunteers of '65; but shortly their fears began to allay, and many came to Captain Dillenback and explained that they were not only gratified to find out that his men were a decent lot of young chaps, but that they, the citizens, were very friendly with them, all of which, of course, the bronzed and rugged old soldier of thirty-five years' service could in no wise comprehend. He knows naturally that this man, so much dreaded by the smug civilian, is a happy-go-lucky fellow, better natured than his money-hunting brother; he has also seen him killed by the hundreds, and—as the captain reasons—killed for the benefit of this same smug "cit"—so why can the captain understand when the smug "cit" doesn't understand what the captain knows? The soldiers patiently opened the breech blocks, and answered millions of foolish questions about the guns, and were particularly nice towards the young ladies, and the result is that the regular army is "right in it" up western Massachusetts way. Brass bands met them and kept their instruments jammed with wind; "old vets" clapped each other on their bent shoulders, and a little brine ran off their cheeks as the glorious visions of old days played through their fancies. The people gave the men "little spreads," and the officers are honorary members of more clubs than they can possibly remember, while Captain Dillenback, being a good-natured man, has to do double duty—what with fulfilling the orders to exercise his men in the conditions of actual warfare, and going to Mrs. B.'s lunch and Mr. A.'s dinner, neither of whom will take any refusal. A local paper at Great Barrington said: "This is the third time in the history of this town when artillery has been within its borders. The first time was in January, 1776, when 'a long line of sleighs, bearing cannon, mortars, cohorns, and other military stores, captured by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys from Fort Ticonderoga, passed through to Dorchester to supply the sad want of artillery in Washington's army beleaguering Boston.' 'The second appearance was shortly after the surrender of Burgoyne, when a fine train of artillery, captured at Saratoga, was drawn through the village.'" Small wonder, then, that the people turned out to see.



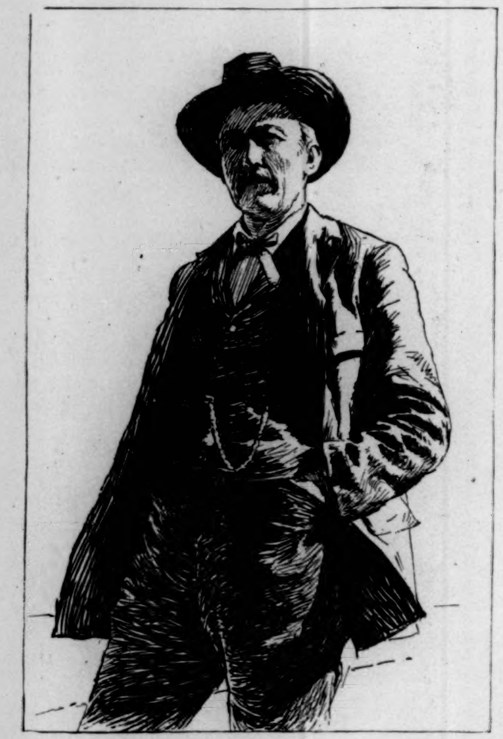
STABLE FROCK

The spot selected for the camp marks the captain as a man with an eye for the picturesque. Big hills on all sides, a meadow with the white tents, and the gun park with a fringe of great willow-trees shading a trout brook, which bubbles over the stones or lies lazily in deep pools. The horses stand on the picket line, sunlit, and with lowered heads and half-closed eyes, their tails drowsily beating at the flies, while the men lie under the trees after their four hours' drill with the guns. All is peace, and nature gives the lie to this noisy little detail in the sheltered valley—all is peace except the quartermaster's mind, and for quartermasters there is no peace. Under a big willow is the barber shop, which consists of a chair and a canvas bucket. The saddler sits on a fallen log, and pounds at a boot heel which has to be mended. I told him of the Tenth Cavalry soldier down in Arizona whom I had seen sitting by the side of the trail looking mournfully at a boot from which the forward part of the sole had fetched loose from the upper, and how he finally had a mental spasm, and taking out his jackknife and some horseshoe nails had repaired the boot, which was now in my collection. The soldier replied that he had been in the Fourth Cavalry, and had climbed the mountains in Arizona until his boots had worn out, when he had wrapped his feet in gunny sacking. Another man was so well set up that I felt for his history, knowing that he must have one, and sure enough he had been a first sergeant in the First Cavalry, had been discharged, tried civil life in the East, and found that old dogs don't acquire new tricks, so here he was in a battery. Another strapping fine chap was also no "ruckie." "Ten years in the Nineteenth Hussars, sir," he answered. At calisthenics the men appeared in their under-shirts, and brawny thews and sinews are there to greet the eye of any one who loves to look on the human form.

Then it is not all dreaming under trees by purling brooks, for early each morning the horses are hooked up and moved off down the road to the drill-ground on Bear Mountain, where is found one of the few available flats in this very broken country. Four hours of rapid gaits and constant going into battery, of limbering and unlimbering, makes horses and men appreciate a dinner and a nap under the willows. There is no range at Fort Hamilton, and one of the objects of the trip was to find a place to practise at the guns, but as yet this had not been determined on. Many good-natured farmers had no objection to having $3\frac{2}{10}$-inch projectiles pass over their land on their way to a distant mountain-side where the targets were, but when it was explained what shell and shrapnel were, and the strange things they did, the quiet men lost some of their enthusiasm, but no doubt a good place will shortly be found, and to the small boys of Berkshire County the noises they have been able to inject into the Fourth of July will pale into sputterings. The bang of one of these new rifles is exceedingly vicious, and ought to stir up serious apprehensions in the mind of any one who is in line with their muzzles. To a spectator the drill of a battery is a most inspiring sight—quite equal to cavalry—the mad galloping of the horses, the lashing whips, the rumble of the wheels, and the sharp braying of the bugle, ending up with terrific banging of the guns as the gray smoke whirls a hundred yards in front of the long red flash, is as good as Buffalo Bill, and "it don't cost anything" to Samanthy and the good man with the chin whiskers.



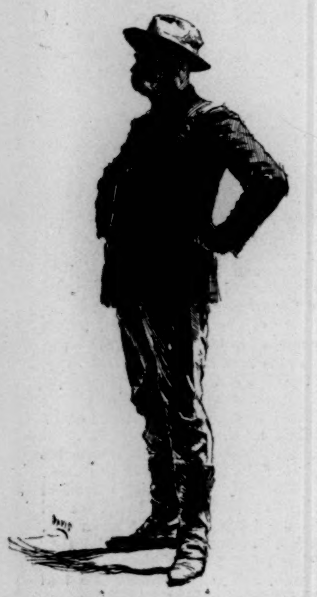
THE FIRST SERGEANT, BATTERY K, FIRST ARTILLERY, IN FIELD TRIM.



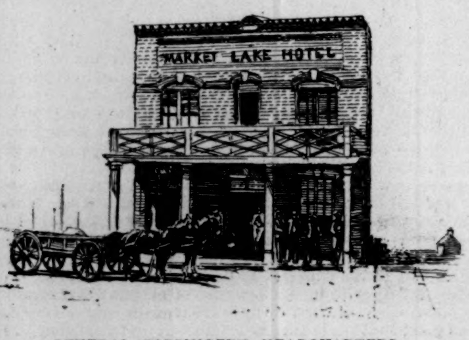
AGENT TETER.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

The United States troops now encamped in the Jacksons Hole region, where a few weeks ago a band of white poachers murdered a number of Bannock Indians, find themselves confronted with a condition of affairs entirely different from any that has characterized previous Indian uprisings. The reports that have reached the East have been so palpably the fabrications of the white settlers and their friends that it has been almost impossible to get at the true facts of the case. It seems now, however, that the white residents of the valley in which Jacksons Hole is located objected to the presence there of Bannock Indians, because this injured their business of guiding parties of white tourists and hunters into that locality. Jacksons Hole is a sort of sportsman's paradise, and the settlers there have viewed the coming each year of the Bannock Indians with anything but a feeling of welcome. This year they determined to make things as unpleasant as possible for the red men. With the backing of a State game law, passed long subsequent to the treaty with the United States which gave the Indians the right to hunt through that region at all seasons, the whites arrested a number of Bannocks, disarmed them, fined them before a justice of the peace, and as they could not pay the fine, the Indians were started for Evanston, the county seat, there to be locked up in jail. On the way there the red men made a break to escape, believing this to be the only way left open to them to save their lives, and as they ran they were shot down. The maximum estimate of the killed is given as six. The Bannocks of the neighboring reservation were naturally incensed at this treatment, and the whites forthwith set up a cry and called for troops. The Ninth Regiment of colored cavalry was ordered out, and General Coppinger himself took the field with his soldiers. He is an old Indian fighter, but that quality will not be necessary for the settlement of the present trouble. This is his first campaign as commander of the Department of the Platte, and he has before him an excellent opportunity to bring credit upon himself while doing justice to the nation's wards. His efforts will be ably seconded by Colonel G. M. Randall and by Agent Teter, both of whom are familiar with the ways of the Bannocks, the latter especially having shown himself a man of honorable methods, with a just appreciation of the present conditions.

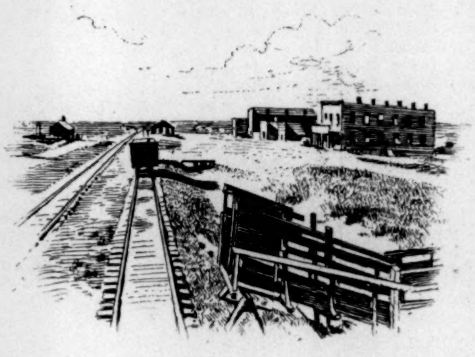


COLONEL G. M. RANDALL.

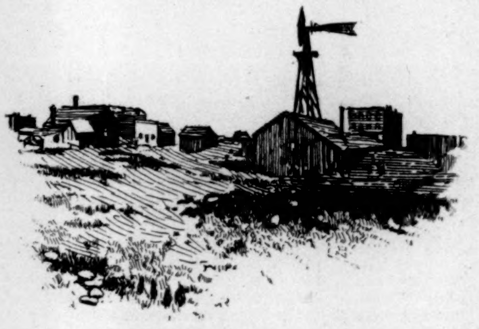


GENERAL COPPINGER'S HEADQUARTERS.

Market Lake is the nearest town to Jacksons Hole, and there General Coppinger has established his headquarters at the hotel, which is the most pretentious building of the place. The cavalry has pushed on to the scene of the murders, and constant communication is kept up with Market Lake by courier and with the War Department at Washington by telegraph. The army officers and Agent Teter have strict instructions to make a thorough investigation, and it is probable that when action is taken on their reports it will be against the whites and not against the Indians.



MARKET LAKE, NEAR THE RAILROAD STATION.



ANOTHER VIEW OF MARKET LAKE.

THE SPRINGFIELD ART MUSEUM.

The new building of the Springfield Art Museum is very interesting in itself and in its contents. The main interest of it, however, is that it is symptomatic of the public spirit and the local pride that are at work in so many American cities to the production of like institutions, on a smaller or on even a larger scale. These qualities have heretofore been exhibited almost exclusively in public benefactions like this museum, only indirectly related to the general life of the community, but the signs are multiplying that they are henceforth to be devoted to the improvement of municipal housekeeping in general, to the amelioration of municipal politics. When this has happened everywhere the old and just reproach that municipal government is the weak point of the American democracy will disappear. Meanwhile the fact that the spirit which is manifested in the new museum of Springfield pervades the United States, and that institutions which in other countries require subsidies from the government spring up spontaneously in this country, make the story of this museum of general interest and worth telling somewhat in detail.

The museum is an addition to and properly a department of the Springfield City Library, which was founded in 1859 by private enterprise, and which has received aid from the municipality since 1864. The library has grown from very slender beginnings to a collection of more than 90,000 volumes—a library, as its custodian explains with just pride, that now ranks eighth among the public libraries of the country, and first of all if the number of volumes be compared with the population.

In 1859 the City Library Association, composed of two earlier and volunteer societies, had established as an adjunct to the library a Museum of Art and Natural History. But for the ensuing generation no very successful pains were taken to increase the value of the adjunct. The real foundation of the Art Museum was in 1889, when the quarters of the library had already become cramped, and the necessity for expansion was evident. The announcement of this necessity almost exactly coincided with the announcement of Mr. G. W. V. Smith—who had many associations with Springfield, and who had retired from business comparatively early in life to devote himself to the pleasure of "collecting"—of his intention to bequeath his artistic collections to the city of Springfield, upon the condition that the city should provide a suitable place for their preservation and exhibition. This offer was followed by that of his wife to bequeath to Springfield, upon the same condition, her valuable collection of laces.

The value to the municipality of this offer was so manifest and so great that a public-spirited citizen, Mr. Olmsted, at once assumed the task of providing the building, heading the list of subscriptions himself with $10,000, and appealing to his public-spirited fellow-citizens with such effect that, although $50,000 was the sum first fixed as sufficient, nearly twice that amount was subscribed and paid, for the total cost of the new museum is over $90,000. In respect to the building, the judgment of Mr. Smith was taken at every point, not only because he was the principal contributor of the treasures which the new building was to house, but also because he had paid very special attention to the requirements of such a building, with a view to the custody and the display of his own collections. The style of the Italian Renaissance was chosen as being the most appropriate to the purpose of the building, and after an informal competition the plans of Messrs. Renwick, Aspinwall, and Russell, and of Walter T. Owen were adopted.

To the affectionate and constant supervision of Mr. Smith is attributed in great part the noticeably excellent and substantial character of the new building, and also the artistic excellence of the details of craftsmanship in more than one material that goes far to make the building itself, irrespective of its contents, a museum of art. No attempt has been made to conform the new structure to the existing library building, but the plans provide for the connection of the museum with the library by means of a new building when the expansion of the library renders this necessary. In the mean time the library has been relieved only by the transfer of its works of art to the long gallery over the loggia of the museum.

The museum is built of buff brick, of the Roman shape and size, and its enrichments are of terra-cotta of the same color. The details in terra-cotta have been modelled by Mr. Mora, whose work in that kind is very well known. The most conspicuous feature of it is the main cornice and five-foot frieze, modelled, with some modifications, and with the omission of the obelisks, after Sansovino's famous library of the Ducal Palace in Venice, and the utmost attention has been paid throughout the exterior to purity of detail. It is pleasant to remark in the segmental tunnel vault that forms the ceiling of the loggia that the attempt to treat "fire-proofing" arches of terra-cotta rather than to conceal them, which was begun, with very good results, in the Boston Public Library, has been continued, also effectively. Educated architects are in the way to be deprived of the excuse for concealment of a most important constituent of the modern fire-proof building that it is architecturally intractable. The Springfield Museum is not, however, of a fire-proof, but only of a "slow-burning" construction—that is to say, the interior divisions are of timber so massive that while it will not defy fire, it will resist fire long enough to summon the firemen, and long enough to insure the removal of the contents of the building. In the present instance this system is not only exposed, but architecturally expressed; and, indeed, though the detail is of the Italian Renaissance, there is a careful avoidance of the shams which that term so commonly connotes, and by which it is so often degraded. Among the features of the exterior are the wrought-iron lamps on either side of the main entrance, designed by Mr. Owen in the spirit of the Italian work of the sixteenth century, and shown last year in New York at the exhibition of the Architectural League as examples of artistic craftsmanship.

The interior comprises, on the first floor, two lecture-rooms, capable of being united, and of thus accommodating a very considerable audience. Upon this floor also is the museum of natural history, devoted especially to the natural history of the Connecticut Valley. Access to the second story is gained by an ample and handsome staircase in oak, with a rich newel-post that is one of the features of the interior. The whole second story, except the gallery and the loggia, is lighted from above by means of fourteen huge skylights, which illuminate seven galleries, in which the various collections of Mr. Smith are ultimately to find their places. These consist not only of works of "art," exclusively so called, including a notable collection of paintings, but also of bric-à-brac, comprising armor, Oriental bronze and pottery, rugs, furniture, and carvings in wood and ivory. A striking illustration of the public spirit which Springfield has brought to bear upon the formation of the museum is found in the fact that a single citizen has contributed $5000 to supply it with a collection of cases.

LIFE AND LETTERS

Of summer cottage life this department saw nothing in its recent wanderings. But of the summer hotel life it saw much, and pondered a good deal, for that is a phase of our summer civilization which concerns a far greater number of our people, and is still much more characteristic of us than the cottage life, though this is fast encroaching upon it. The time will come, perhaps, when no American will spend his (and by his one always means her, with the hotel guest, as with the mosquito) summer in a hotel; but the time is not yet, and in the mean while the hotel-dwellers are very numerous and increasingly comfortable. Each year marks an advance in the intelligence of the landlord; the gross luxuries, or superfluities rather, which were once purveyed are cut off, the necessities are refined; there is distinctly an eye to quality rather than quantity. The bill of fare is reduced a full half, but everything left on it is at least tolerably good; the cooking is very fair, it sometimes even has touch, though not often. The lodgings have been wisely philosophized; there are often clean sweet mattings instead of carpets, and often rugs, on the floors; the machine-made furniture is light and tasteful, and there is a pleasing puacity of chairs, and an increase in the size of the stands or tables; the whitewashed walls are left unpapered; the beds are excellent.

Neat-handed Phyllis is more and more banished from the service of the table; it is Pompey who

> "Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn,"

at your elbow as you meditate your order for dinner. Colored help is sometimes enumerated with electric lights among the attractions; though whether Pompey is really such an improvement upon Phyllis is a matter of personal taste; but he is at least able better to bear the overflowing trays which it is sometimes painful to see her staggering under down the long-drawn aisles of the dining-room.

I.

All this, of course, is for people who can pay; the present department was quite above trying the summer boarding-houses, which are adapted to the means of the other-half of the summer sojourners. There is probably a like advance in them; but it was with the hotels that Life and Letters were concerned, and being themselves so very comfortable in them they had serious question whether some other people ought to be made so.

They had before them that amusing, that amazing, spectacle of the husbandless wife, who is the most monumental fact of the American summer, widowed from the first train up on Monday morning till the last train down on Saturday afternoon, but supporting her bereavement with a courage that is always exemplary.

II.

Life: "But is she otherwise exemplary? If he has to stay in town and earn their living, or make their fortune, why shouldn't she stay there with him, and come down for over Sunday, as he does? Isn't it the logic of marriage that each should take part and lot with the other?"

Letters: "The logical isn't the reasonable, as I'm always saying. She would ask you what was the use of her staying. She would tell you that everybody was away, and not a thing going on; that she had left him perfectly comfortable, and that he himself wished her to be away for the children's sake."

Life: "But sometimes there are no children!"

Letters: "Then for her own sake. He wishes her to enjoy herself."

Life: "So he does, poor fellow! He is a mystery, the American husband. But how can she enjoy herself away from him?"

Letters: "Logically she can't; but—"

Life: "I see what you mean."

Letters: "And she is quite willing he should enjoy himself too. She doesn't object to his having a good time in town. When she is within husband-distance, as she calls it, she is glad to have him come down every afternoon. In fact she is very dull without him."

Life: "She certainly looks it."

Letters: "Besides how can you say she ever comes without children? When I'm trying to read my paper, it seems to me that the verandas and corridors swarm with them; and when I wake at four o'clock in the morning, and want to sleep again, they outnumber the robins and the song-sparrows; the thrushes are nowhere. Those children must belong to somebody, though they don't seem to."

Life: "I see what you mean. But in any case it seems to me that a woman runs a great risk, for herself and for her husband, when she willingly separates herself from him, with brief intervals of meeting, every summer, simply because she dislikes the heat of the city, which she leaves him to. Isn't it part of the for-better for-worse in the marriage service that she should stay with him?"

Letters: "But if he frees her from it, as he does from the honor-and-obey?"

Life: "No one can free another from a duty. It's demoralizing, say what you will. I believe that the summer hotel is at the bottom of half the divorce cases."

Letters: "The summer hotel is absolutely unknown to the experience of ninety-nine hundredths of our people. It is so strange to them even by hearsay that I believe the average American has no conception of it; and yet he is divorced in ten cases out of a hundred. I think that's the percentage."

Life: "It accustoms them to get on without each other! It alienates them!"

Letters: "On the contrary, perhaps this summer separation unites the worker and the rester all the more closely. Their fates are not so unequal; at least you will find that the wife, who has been resting here all the week, has far more complaints to make than the husband, who has been working all the week in the city. Besides, these temporary estrangements may renew their love in the first beauty of its young dream. They always meet in the rose-light of their courtship. It is a good thing."

Life, passionately: "No, it is *not* a good thing. Suppose some one else has come between them, here, meanwhile?"

Letters: "Some woman? There are no men! A few gray-beards and no-beards, but no men at all of the flirtable age. *They* are all in town making money, or away at the resorts of fashion where the cottages have killed off the hotels. Even there I doubt if they're very dangerous. Innocence is the note of our national life. Sometimes when I have longed to attempt fiction, and perhaps give my story the fascination of forbidden fruit—the forbidden fruit's perfume; not its flavor, of course—I thought of the summer hotel as a probable scene. But the more I have observed and considered it, the more I have been convinced that such an affair would be wholly false to its facts. If any one were to attempt to flirt with a wife between Monday morning and Saturday afternoon, I believe the landlord would tell him, before the affair had reached the point of scandalizing the other ladies, that his room was wanted."

Life: "Then the situation is of no use even as the setting of fiction?"

Letters: "Improper fiction, no. As the setting of proper fiction it has untold capabilities. Think of the devotion of a young couple tried and strengthened, not weakened in their love by these recurrent separations, and their growth in the primal fondness renewed by the recurrent meetings! They have no thought but for each other the whole week through, and when the winter comes they are all the more united by the memory of their division during the past summer, and the prospect of it in the summer to come. The field of optimistic fiction, the fiction which ends well, the fiction which Americans love, might be indefinitely extended in this direction."

Life: "No, I don't believe it. You may be sure that the summer hotel is the enemy of the home. It breaks it up, or it tempts it to break itself up, which is quite as bad. If the husband must remain in the city, let the wife remain too; and let them come away together or not at all."

Letters: "And her health?"

Life: "If she has her house to think of she will not think so much of herself, and that will be good for her health—better than change of air. The hotel is the home-killer; and the better it is, the worse."

Letters: "Well, the home is getting back at the hotel in the cottage. That simplest and humblest form of the home, as we have it in Newport and Bar Harbor, and the other great summering-places, has killed the hotel."

Life: "Yes, for the other-half that can afford it. But a cottage is too expensive a home for anybody but the very richest in the summer, and the very poorest the year round."

Letters: "Extremes meet, of course. There are cottages and cottages; but there are some that people of very moderate means can afford. But then, the wife is never rid of the cares of housekeeping."

Life: "Why should she be? The husband is never rid of the cares of business. What is she for? Are people happier for being rid of care? Do they go back to their burden and take it up the more cheerfully for having laid it aside? No; they think it a greater hardship than ever! What is the mind of a woman who has spent her whole summer in a hotel toward her own house when she goes back to it in the fall? Discontent, injury, abhorrence! Care is the divine attribute which distinguishes the man from the brute. It's our souls' salvation to be faithful to it, never to forsake it, or even wish to be rid of it.'

Letters: "That is all very well. I should go further, and say that we are so conditioned that we *can't* get rid of care. After all, I suppose the vague unrest that impels woman into the summer hotel is an aspiration for change, not so much change of air as change of care, and that isn't bad for her. And I deny that she leaves the influences of home behind her; she brings them with her into the hotel, and she makes it, in a sense the landlord never dreamt of, a family hotel. I said that the note of our American life was innocence, didn't I?"

Life: "Some stuff of that kind."

Letters: "Well, now I think it is domesticity. We are the most thoroughly domesticated people on the face of the earth. You think that the summer-wife has left the home behind her, and the hearth, and the altar of the family gods. On the contrary she has brought them all with her, in her hand-bag or her trunk, as the summer-husband very well knows in the desolation of his forsaken house. When he comes down on Saturday afternoon he is happy in his home for thirty-six hours at least."

Life: "Poor fellow!"

Letters: "Not at all. She then for the time imparts her domesticities to the whole house; and he has his share of it. Every family behaves as if it owned the hotel. If you go to a summer hotel in Europe, you find the corridors and public rooms all so quiet that you would think the house deserted, and you the only one in it. But here you might well fancy you were not in it at all. The children play up and down the halls; the women babble everywhere; the young girls stop on the stairs, or before their chamber doors, and gossip at the tops of their voices after the evening dance; both sexes tramp up and down the echoing piazzas. The husbands and fathers come in late from the smoking-room and joke back and forward across half the length of the house. Everywhere is the free spirit of the American home. When the husbands and fathers rise for the first train up on Monday morning, they take such a stormily affectionate leave of their families, with repeated fond adieux, renewed after a hasty breakfast, when they come back to get something they've forgotten, that you want to go out and shed their blood. But that would be wrong. They are merely feeling themselves at home, and they won't feel at home again for a week. The worst of it all is that it makes an outcast of the witness."

Life, sadly: "I suppose we're frightfully underbred."

Letters: "No, merely unbred. But that is another field of inquiry." W. D. Howells.

A GLIMPSE AT THE KAISER.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PRUSSIAN MANŒUVRES.

A rolling country, gray hillocks, straggling pine groups; here and there a bunch of stiff wiry grass pushing up through the sand, and a broad, straight highway, lined with tall, scant-leafed poplar-trees, stretching away ahead of us until melted and lost on the misty horizon. The dust rises in heavy white masses, sluggishly drifting away to leeward, stirred up by hundreds of tramping feet as the long blue column swings steadily onward, the light sparkling from the spear-pointed helmets and glinting from the polished steel tubes of the guns in the battery, following in the rear of the sturdy Prussian infantrymen; on either flank, in groups of two or three, dark-clad uhlans ride, now disappearing behind some sandy ridge, now bounding along, silhouettes against the sky. Suddenly from one of the groups a horseman comes galloping towards us; the others circle about, waving their long lances over their heads. Along the whole line of flankers we can see the troopers galloping from point to point, gradually falling back towards our column still marching steadily forward up the long white road. Away off yonder on the top of one of the bare hills a solid dark mass appears, suddenly breaking into several clusters, from which puff after puff of white smoke bursts out, and the distant booming of cannon is borne towards us. Our column halts. Quick as thought our battery wheels into the fields alongside the road, and almost simultaneously with the crash of the trails to the ground, as the guns go into battery, the thunder of our answer rends the air. Through it all, through blare of trumpet and loud voices of command and rush of scurrying feet, as company after company wheels from the highway into the fields, a low rumbling sound, like the rush of a mountain torrent or the distant rolling of drums, pervades, steadily increasing in volume, until, flashing back the rays of the sun from sabre and lance point, from helm and breastplate, up over the hills squadron after squadron—dragoon, uhlan, and cuirassier—rides into view. Out from our flanks spring the active skirmishers, opening on the advancing cavalry at long range; "like smiths at their forges" our cannoneers work at their guns, until the battery is enveloped in thick clouds of pungent powder smoke, while over in our front the advancing troopers break into the gallop. A score of trumpets rouse discordant echoes, thrice a thousand sabres flash in air, and with a rush that shakes the earth the charging squadrons come towards us like an avalanche thundering down the mountain's side, while crash on crash the volleys burst out from the long line of masses of our infantry.

It was difficult to realize that all this was but the mimicry of actual warfare, even after the trumpets had sounded a halt, and through the drifting smoke and settling dust clouds a little crowd of new-comers was to be seen, sitting quietly on their horses between our whilom opponents and ourselves, while detached from the main group, and slightly in advance, a young man in the uniform of a general officer was already in earnest conversation with the leader of the cavalry. It was the young Kaiser, who had personally superintended the attack upon our column, and who was now making his comments—his "Kritik" the Germans call it—upon the manner in which the day's manœuvres had been conducted.

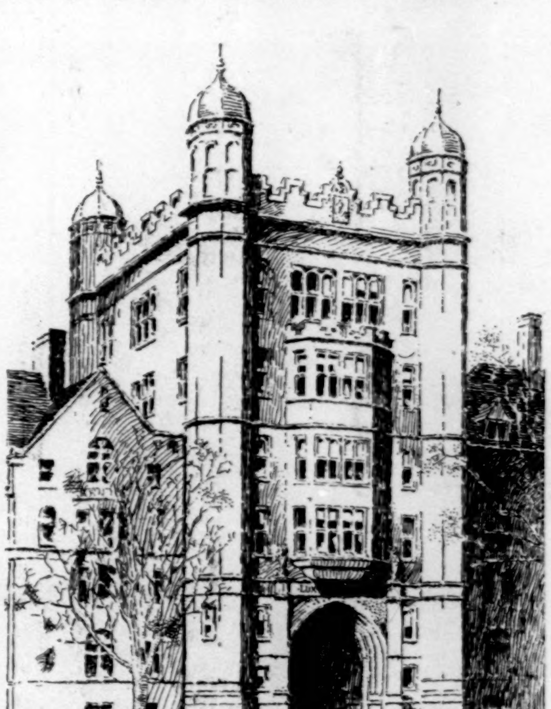
Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

THE PHELPS MEMORIAL GATEWAY.

One of the features of the last Commencement week at Yale was the breaking of ground for the Phelps Memorial Gateway, which is to stand on the College Street side of the campus, between Lawrance and Welch halls. The erection of this structure is noteworthy for several reasons, but chiefly because it completes the quadrangle which Yale men have looked forward to for generations, and because, like Vanderbilt and Osborn halls, it is built by the donors and not by the college corporation.

The plans of Mr. C. C. Haight, the architect, who was also the designer of Vanderbilt Hall, call for an expenditure of $115,000. This sum came to the university from three sources. At his death, Anson G. Phelps gave $500,000 to Yale, the interest on which was to be devoted to the library fund. When his son, William Walter Phelps, died he left $500,000 more to the college, with the condition that it should be used with his father's money for the construction of a building on the campus. The executors of the Phelps estate and the corporation readily came to an understanding, and it was decided to put up a recitation-hall on College Street, as recitation and lecture rooms are at present one of the greatest needs of the university—next to unhampered money. The executors designated Mr. Haight as the architect, and when he announced that his plans called for $115,000, the Phelps family very kindly made up the extra amount.

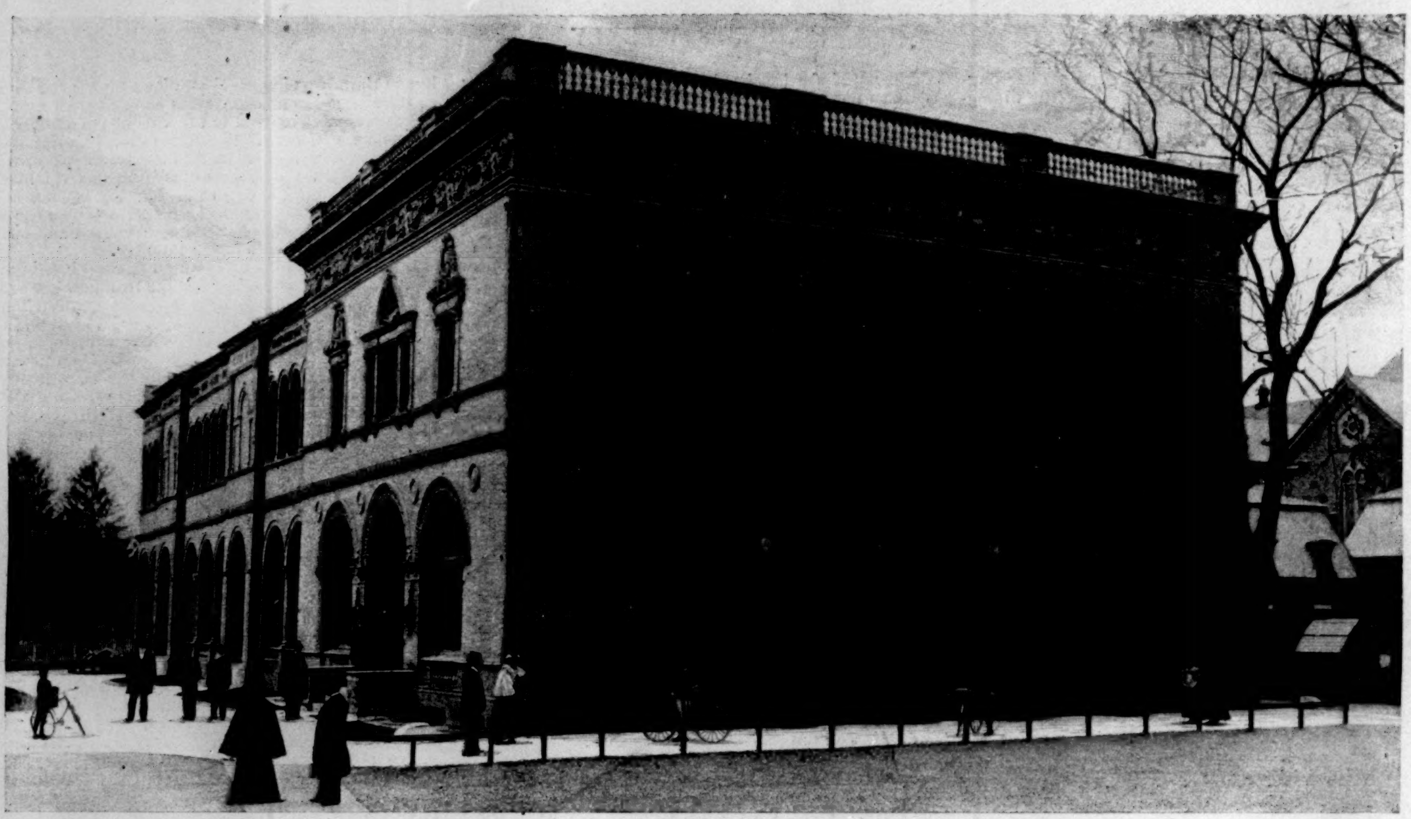
The gateway is in the Collegiate Gothic style, and is designed as a tower flanked by four octagonal turrets, with an elevation from the ground-level to the top of the parapet of about 100 feet. In the centre there is a lofty arch sixteen feet wide leading from College Street, making the principal entrance to the campus. The monotony of the line of buildings on that side of the quadrangle is relieved by the gate, which is made to project fourteen feet east and west beyond the walls of the former, while the massive tower rising above the roofs of Welch and Lawrance, and projecting boldly in advance of them, serves admirably to unite their somewhat different styles of architecture.



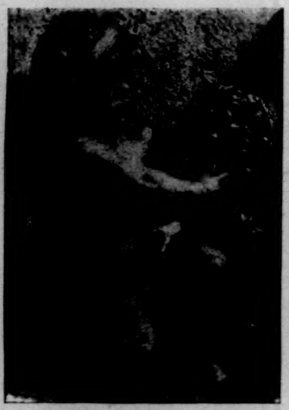
PHELPS MEMORIAL GATEWAY, YALE UNIVERSITY.

The material of construction is brown sandstone from the Longmeadow quarries. The interior work is to be most substantial—the walls of masonry, the floors of iron and cement, the staircases of cast and wrought iron with marble treads.

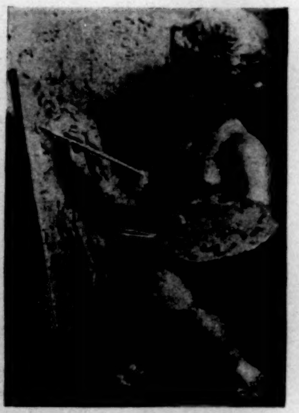
The Phelps Gateway will be the first building at Yale to be fitted with an elevator. On the lower floor are rooms for the janitor and apartments for a professor. The four stories above will be taken up by fourteen recitation-rooms and the quarters of the Classical Club.



VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDING.

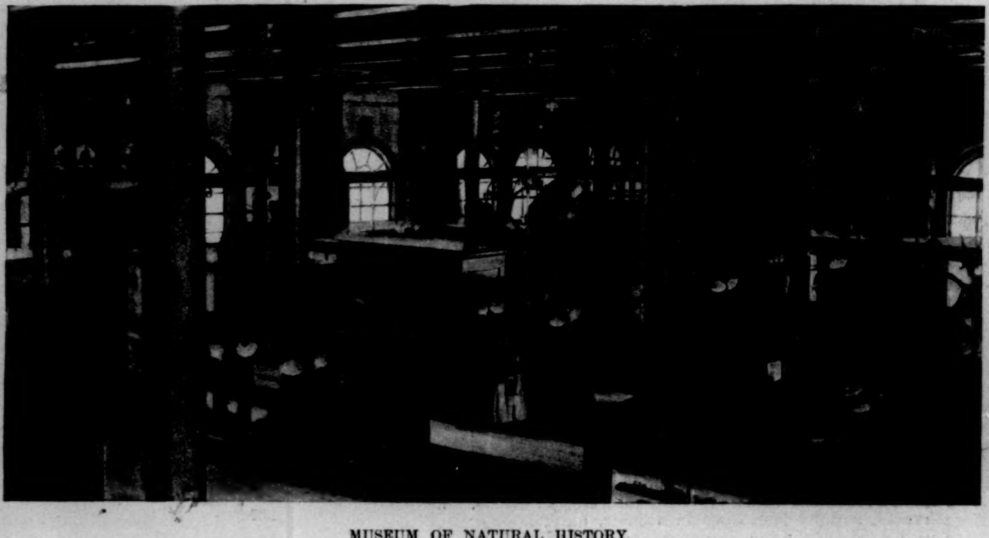


SCULPTURE—DECORATION.



PAINTING—DECORATION.

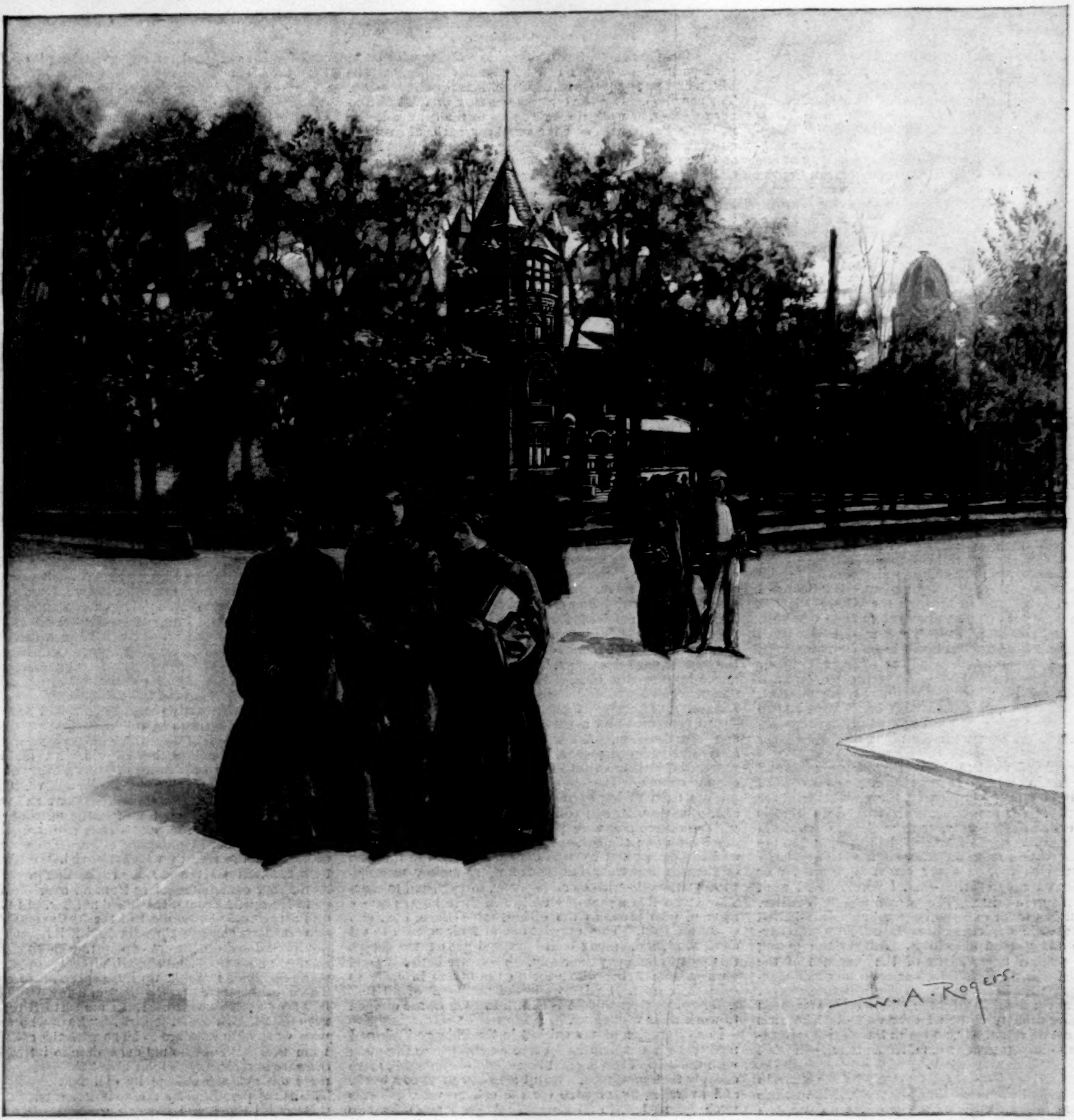
THE PICTURE-GALLERIES.



MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

ART LIBRARY.

THE NEW ART MUSEUM OF THE SPRINGFIELD LIBRARY, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 772.]



ANN ARBOR LAW BUILDING.

·A·RECENT·JOURNEY·THROUGH·THE·WEST·

BY JULIAN RALPH

I.

CO-EDUCATION IN THE WEST.

IN conversation with a born Westerner the talk turned upon co-education.

"He is undecided to which college to send his daughter," said the Westerner, in speaking of a friend. "He will send her to one of the co-educational institutions, but he has not decided which one it shall be."

"Would you do the same if you had a daughter?" I asked.

"Oh, I'd send her to Ann Arbor; that's the best of the co-educational colleges."

"But why not send her to a woman's college?"

"I don't know. I think there is a general feeling that the courses of instruction in the colleges to which men go are more thorough and more practical and the teaching is more businesslike than at the women's colleges. Besides, it is commonly agreed that it narrows young women to herd them by themselves."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "it narrows women to leave them by themselves, does it? Well, I suppose this shows how very limited and narrow, in some ways, the average Eastern mind is. I think I am an average Easterner, and I tell you truly I cannot understand how men and women can send their daughters away for four years, to lose all home influences, to fight their own battles in life, to be their own mistresses of their relations with the stronger sex—especially to associate with the all sorts of men that are put to college. That sort of independence is part of the making of men—though even among the men some lay the foundations of their ruin in college—but for girls I should think it would be the unmaking of feminine grace and delicacy, to say nothing of its worse possibilities."

"I know, I know," said the Westerner; "in theory you have much on your side, but in practice and fact the system has been tried for a long time, and no one, not even that Catholic priest who attacked the Christian 'Endeavorers' and the Epworth League the other day, has been able to say that any harm has come to the young women while at the colleges, or that they have not been completely womanly women after they have left them."

"I know nothing to the contrary," said I. "But when I bring the matter home to myself, and try to imagine sending a daughter to such a place, I am too conservative—and too imaginative, if you like—and I cannot consider it. We in the East, who live where precedent, custom, orthodoxy, and convention are strong forces, have only just got used to the mingling of the sexes in church on Sundays, I suspect."

When I parted with the Westerner I continued to think over this conversation, only a fraction of which is here set down, and I determined to go to Ann Arbor, the seat of the Michigan University, largest of the "co-ed colleges," and look into student life there, to judge of it for myself. Ann Arbor lay on my western route, but at some distance ahead. And in the mean time, in a city on the way, I met a charming young college girl, to whom I talked about college life among girls, and who startled me by some things that she said.

"Oh," said she, "life at college is very nice. [She attended an Eastern college exclusively for women.] It's too nice, in fact. When I pause to think of the utter freedom I enjoy at college, of the absence of all interference with my plans, the absence of all outer influence that I can feel; when I think of the slender restraint, entirely unfelt by me, that the unwritten rules impose upon me; when I think that my only duty is to prosecute the studies I enjoy, and that, for the rest, I live precisely as a man would at college—when I reflect upon all this I grow sad. I look forward with horror to the day when I must leave all this, and go back to my narrow little home, my narrow people, and my round of narrow little duties and fetters of domestic, provincial conventionalities; to the prosaic, tiresome routine of village life and the critical scrutiny of a lot of neighbors who will misjudge me unless I live just as stupidly as they do."

"But it will be your own old life; it will be nothing new," said I. "And to it you will bring the added wisdom you are getting, and such breadth of mental view and such intellectual resources that you will be able to furnish your own means of achieving constant happiness and pleasant occupation."

"Oh, you do not understand," said she; "you cannot understand, what it is to be a girl in a village home, or in an orthodox home in even a small city. You must try to fancy the diametric change from the free life of a young man to the restricted life of a pinafore-sewing, dish-washing, house-haunting, dependent girl. If you could see my ways in college to-day, and then could see the tiny microscopic round of a country girl's life at home, you would not blame me for looking forward to my future with horror."

Farther along in the conversation I asked this young woman to what scrutiny the students at her college were subjected.

"To none," she said—"that is, nothing more is required of them than that they keep up in their studies. And in order to enter the college a girl has only to pass the necessary examinations. Her color, race, and previous condition are not inquired into."

"Then," said I, "in this unfettered free life which you so enjoy, your associates are of all characters, habits, and kinds?"

"Well, yes, of course."

"Then, if all have a free rein, some must take the bits in their teeth and run wild?"

"Oh yes, some do," said she. "There are girls in our college who sit up all night in their rooms drinking champagne and smoking cigarettes; but they have their own set. They have nothing to do with me. The quiet, earnest girls know of these things, but are quite uninfluenced by them. Is it known about these goings-on? Well, we girls know it, and we wonder that the faculty do not find it out."

With this glimpse of the possibilities of feminine routime at college I went my way to Ann Arbor, and stepped from the cars at about eleven o'clock on a Saturday night in April. On the platform a group of perhaps a dozen young college men surrounded two of their fellows who were filling the air with melody—one from a flute and one from a mandolin. Now and then all broke into singing—the singing of a chorus or other snatch of some popular song. In the shadow of the arched doorway of one of those artistic depots upon which the Michigan Central Railroad prides itself stood half a dozen young women looking on and listening. Whether they were of the town or the gown, who could say? and yet, in either case, eleven o'clock and the depot were a doubtful time and place for them. I passed them, and raising my eyes to a sign that swung from the ceiling of the waiting-room of the depot, I read the words that first greet every person who visits the greatest co-educational institution in America:

THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM FOR WOMEN.	THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM FOR MEN.

Evidently President Angell and his lieutenants have not yet educated the entire Western public. The college and the railway authorities disagree at the very threshold of Ann Arbor. But perhaps the Michigan Central Railroad is run by Jews or Quakers. I do not know.

"Tell me," said I to a man who was hurrying to get away from the town, "what is the best hotel here?"

"There isn't a best one," said he. "Go to any, and you'll wish you had gone to some other one."

I went to one which the hack-driver recommended, and it was vile. Its carpets were held together by the force of the patterns worked in them, the walls were dirty, and all the food was cooked in a frying-pan. But before I found out all this I walked through the village. It was the depot village; the college town is off at one side of it. There were no students abroad. There was no life to find fault with in the streets. But it was a shabby place, filled with beer-saloons, and with windows afflicted with our American *fin de siècle* epidemic of pictures of women mainly composed of abnormal legs in very pink tights. I fancied that the place reeked with lager-beer, and to the shame of the village the public street-sprinkling wagon was painted all over with the signs of a local lager brewery.

In the morning I went to the Presbyterian church and studied the congregation. It was two-thirds composed of the boys and girls of the university, the girls being in the large majority. All the students are free to do what is sometimes called chapel duty, or to neglect the spiritual side of life completely, yet it was evident there and in the crowds I saw coming from the other churches that a large number attend church. I never saw a more orderly or dignified church congregation—and I admit that I went there to be a severe critic. The sermon was by a visitor, and was tedious to an extreme degree, but a gray-haired old countryman in a rear pew was the only one who succumbed to the general sleepiness. Among the young folks each seemed unconscious of the presence of the other sex. I saw no flirtations, nor even any side-glancings, and when the service ended there was no crowd of young men at the doors to meet the girls, as there has been at every other country church I ever visited. The girls and boys went off separately, and with Sundayish seriousness, walking—as persons do to and from church—in what may be called "hymn time."

On that afternoon I sought out those who knew me in the university, and from that time onward had the college life laid bare to my inspection. There was no suppression, concealment, or request that I avoid any subject or gloss over any discovery. In fact, I was conscious that both students and faculty were amused at the idea that there was anything to be found there except ordinary college life, with its blending of hard study and commonplace social relaxation. An investigator was considered much more extraordinary than anything he could find to investigate. The university town lies at one side of the lagerish German depot village, and is a very pretty, dignified, and picturesque place. The enormous college piles that almost crowd each other on the forty-acre campus are mainly severely plain, but are all the more impressive in consequence. Facing them, around the sides of the campus, are many stone and brick fraternity houses, many frame dwellings, and a block or two of shops maintained by grocers, druggists, stenographers, barbers, and the like. In the West the doctors inhabit offices in office-buildings as lawyers and architects do, and here I noticed that the most conspicuous doctor's sign was that of Dr. Annie Something-or-other. The principal barber had looped festoons of pretty paper orchids over the mirrors in front of his chairs, as if he hoped to induce the girl students to go in and be shaved, or else because the gentling love of flowers has been made general by the six hundred college girls—as it has been in the New York offices by the influence of the type-writer goddesses.

A very broad street, embowered by many rows of trees, hems in the great campus, and the general effect is one of quiet and shade and general preoccupation. It may be nonsense to write of the region as possessing a scholastic atmosphere, or of the pedestrians as wearing a studious air, yet that was how I was impressed during all of my three day stay. Hundreds of men, women, boys, and girls moved about continually, and all were orderly, sedate, and, as a rule, bent on getting somewhere or other with American single-mindedness and speed. The gait of them all was citylike; they did not crawl about like the people in most villages. A few flew on bicycles.

There was a five-minute period, at eleven o'clock in the morning, when the classes changed and the campus swarmed with students moving from building to building, beside the grass and beneath the trees. The girls did not even walk in pairs or companies, as I had expected them to do. A few did, but the majority strode along, books in hand, just as the boys were doing, each by herself, businesslike and seriously. The Seniors had just adopted mortar-boards and gowns, and so becoming were these to the fair Westerners, so graceful was the drapery of the long black gowns, and so pert and stylish the mathematical mortar-board above the ringlets of fair young America, that straight I posted to the town photographer and bade him snap a camera at some of these Senioresses—behind their backs if none were willing to pose their pretty faces. I saw a few of the girls walking with boys, perhaps in three days I saw fifty such couples, but the kitten and puppy phase of such relationship was missing. The couples crossed the campus together, or went to dinner together, or walked side by side to the college in the morning, but in each case the usual ear-marks of an unaccustomed relationship were lacking. Even at West Point at Commencement-time, or when the New York Normal College misses meet the young of the other sex, one notices the strain of the novel intercourse, the giggling, the blushing and flushing, the artificial tone of the conversation—every one of the signs of self-consciousness. I looked for this at Ann Arbor, and it was not there.

We shall see why farther along.

It was unnecessary to have pointed out to me the fraternity houses. On the porches of the handsome ones of stone and brick there were groups of young men. On the piazzas of the tasteful frame houses for the young women, who have nearly exhausted what letters of the Greek alphabet the boys have left unused, were young women, in rockers, in chairs, on the steps of the stoops, books in laps, studying. If a visitor saw these many houses and did not know what sort of place he was in, he would wonder at the enormous families of girl children that distinguish the place, for the girls' houses look not at all like club-houses as those of the boys do. There are twenty-eight Greek-letter societies for the boys and eight or nine girls' fraternities—sororities (so-roar-ities) the girls call them. Since there are no dormitories, and since the place is more like a German university town than any other in America, many of the girls and boys live in their separate fraternity houses. The rest board, but they do not even do that prosaic thing prosaically. Each is apt to live in one house and take his or her meals in another. They have lodging-houses that accommodate six or eight, or even twenty, students, but there are eating-houses where are fed forty, sixty, and even, in one case, more than two hundred young men and women. As these eating-houses are not built for that use, the boarders eat all over them, "upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber," as it were. The girls live in the same houses with the boys in some instances, but these are uncommon. A queer fashion that obtains here is the plan of living in suites. The boarding-houses and the fraternity houses for both sexes arrange their rooms in these combinations—two bedrooms and a parlor, usually, or two bedrooms and a study-room. A few boys occupy a bedroom and study-room for one person, but few girls are without girl partners for their suites of two or more rooms and one common room. The boys have a rage for getting sofa pillows from their girl friends, but the boys' rooms are apt to be peculiar and college-boyish, while many of the girls' quarters are very pretty. The fraternity houses are built upon the suite plan, but many members of the societies do not find room in their houses, and in the case of the girl fraternity houses many are mainly meeting-places where the girls come to study, to visit, and to chat. Those who live a sort of club life in these houses hire a matron, who provides the dishes, table-linen, etc., and cooks the food. They appoint one of their number to act as steward, and, among both boys and girls, some accept this post to help pay their way. There are both boys and girls at Ann Arbor who wait on the others in order to earn their food. So honest is the sentiment of all that nothing less than respect is shown to such as are obliged to work their way along.

In a discussion of the subject in the Chicago *Tribune* I read that girls at Ann Arbor live as cheaply as the men; with the help of sewing and household occupations, more cheaply than most men. Board is as low as $2 50 a week, and averages $3, or $120 for the college year. Rooms fetch from $1 50 to $5 a week. A good room for two together at $4 for the two is the commonest arrangement. Lodging, therefore, costs $80. The college fees are $25 for Michigan students, $35 to others; books and washing average $35 also, so that the average total expense of attending the university is $260. These figures are said to apply equally fairly to the student life at the universities of Wisconsin and Illinois.

In many talks with President and Mrs. Angell, with several professors, and with many students—all girls—at Ann Arbor, I obtained the facts which follow. Co-education has obtained there since 1870. There were some women applicants as early as 1856–'58, but they were not admitted. The regents were then opposed to the admission of women, but the gentle pressure of public opinion gradually diluted the opposition, and at last, at a meeting, one regent observed that there was no law against co-education, and there was no further discussion. The women were admitted. At first the girl students were picked, that is to say, the girls who came were such as were felt to be able to live independent lives. Those first-comers were let severely alone, and must have had a cheerless time. They were not wanted or welcomed by either the faculty or the students.

Now all this is changed. The girls are of all sorts, and come quite as a matter of course, as the boys do, from the high-schools of Michigan and of nearly all the Middle and Western States. There was a time when the girls wanted to be noticed by the boys, because at first the boys let them alone, and afterward noticed only the brighter or the pretty ones; but to-day, when the girls number 600, the girls hold the whip-hand, and it is the boys who seek attention, while the girls bestow it sparingly. There are 500 young women in what may be called the strictly college classes and 100 more are taking the technical or special courses. Among them are always some dentists, a great many doctors, from two to half a dozen lawyers, and so on. Those who study law may not wish to practise. They are more apt to want to work in lawyers' offices, to assist their fathers, or, as is the case of a wealthy lady now taking that course, they want to understand how to manage their properties.

The average age of the boys and girls is twenty-one. Both the boys and girls enter at the average age of nineteen years and a half.

There never has been a case of scandal about the relations between the boys and girls at this university. It is believed that this is partly due to the fact that such relationship brings no novelty, for nearly all have been schooled with the other sex elsewhere. It is largely due to the fact that the girls are not penned up in dormitories. At Ann Arbor there is a general belief that mischief comes of housing the sexes apart. It is flatly said that in nearly all the co-educational institutions out West where this practice has obtained for any great length of time there have been scandals.

At Ann Arbor the girls exercise espionage over one another. She who makes a mistake is quickly told of it. Girls of wrong tendencies are quickly detected and discouraged. The Greek-letter societies exercise a strong influence over the girls and boys. A Woman's League, recently formed of the faculty ladies, some town ladies, and from among the older girl students, has been organized to meet new-coming girls, and to advise them about choosing homes, modes of living, and the like, and to make friends with them and render them at ease amid their new surroundings. Every girl receives at least four invitations to the house of every married member of the faculty. Not all are grateful for this; some openly declare the custom a bore. There are girls who hold aloof from social affiliations, saying that they came to college to study, and do not wish to be distracted or interfered with. At the same time there is an active and gay social life in the place. There are plenty of parties and dances, and it is amusing to hear that the girls are always chaperoned—that is, that there is always one elderly, a married woman, present to look after the buds. As I understand the case, the young men attend the young women to their homes afterward in free Western manner. This reminds me that I heard that it is the custom for the girls to receive gentlemen callers in the boarding-houses and fraternity houses (always in the house parlor or in the study-room of the suites in which the girls live). When I heard that, I asked who was present while the visit lasted.

"Oh," said a fair "co-ed," "we almost always keep rooms in couples, and then if the other girl is out, there is the landlady; she is sure to be somewhere in the house. She could be called—if it were necessary."

The boys and girls go driving, and riding, and rowing, and walking, freely, as they please; much more often in companies of four or three than of two, I am told, though there is seen no reason why they should not go in couples. When I said that I knew of an Eastern woman's college where it is held that no girl will be seen driving with a young man unless she wants it known that she is engaged to him, the Ann Arbor girls who heard me all laughed.

"My! a good many of us would be engaged at that rate," one said. "It used to be said a girl was engaged if she wore a boy's society pin, but that is forgotten by some, and never was heard of by others."

And when I told of the terrible champagne and cigarette nights in a girls' college, they all said, with frankly opened eyes, that no one ever heard of such a thing at staid old Michigan. If this university is distinctive, it is in the fact that it has often been called the poor man's university. Such it used to be, though now in the mass of poor boys and girls are some rich men's sons and daughters from Detroit and other neighboring cities. These are the exceptions to the rule by which the rich Westerners send their children east, to one side or the other of the Atlantic. Ann Arbor contains scholars from all over the West, and from Europe, Asia, and the island nations. Dentistry and other specialities bring most of the foreigners. The only demoralizing element thus far (and it has been slight) is produced by those grown-up men who come from the mining and cattle capitals, with plenty of money and many bad habits, to take up some special course of study. These are apt to poison the lives of a few young men before they are discovered. But I am assured that they do not affect the lives of the girls. "Boys who are vicious with women do not dare to be so with the college girls," I am told. "They do not even dare to introduce *double entendre* in their speech to or about the girls, or to lower the *morale* of the college by evil talk about the girls. This is not permitted by the male students." I was told this several times, and have no reason to doubt it. But what a splendid feather it is, if it be true, in the cap of our vigorous, healthy, woman-respecting Americanism! They say in Ann Arbor that you cannot kill or even repress an American boy's instinct for chivalry.

The sentimental side of their natures is not stifled, for in their "Songs of the Yellow and Blue" I find this ballad dedicated to the Co-ed. Be it known that a girl student is so called, though why she any more than every He I do not understand. Medical students of the female gender fare worse in the college vernacular, for they are known as "hen medics." But here is the song:

THE CO-ED THAT VANQUISHES ME.

Here's to the Co-ed with brain full of books,
And noli-me-tangere, frange-re air,
Who prattles of Plato and Cato, and looks
Into Persius and Curtius while dressing her hair!
Chorus: Oh, cobwebby tresses of shimmering gold
(Or whatever color they be);
Oh, glances so coy, and winsome—and cold
Of the Co-ed that vanquishes me!

Here's to the Co-ed potential in gaze,
With Hegel and Schlegel and Hobbes in her arms,
And eyes where the stars of philosophy blaze,
And lips of unspeakable, seekable charms.
Chorus: Oh, ruby-lipped, to-be-sipped petals of rose;
Oh, eyes of the far apogee;
Oh, arms, oh, arms, oh, statuesque arms,
Of the Co-ed that vanquishes me!

Matter of fact as the relationship of the boys and girls seems in the college class-rooms, the Gentle Tyrant does trouble them. (Personally, I am glad to find that they are human.) There have been five or six weddings of the co-eds by members of the faculty, and there have been a good many marriages among the students, though, never one, I am told, until after both parties have graduated. Cupid may break into the scholastic precincts, but he is not recognized until Minerva relinquishes her rule. My lady friends say positively that every one of these marriages has turned out well, and every bride has blossomed into a good wife and mother. It is argued that education should produce wise and capable housekeepers and managers, more intelligent, orderly, and systematic than the uneducated one can be. And my lady friends at the college insist that it does this.

It must be borne in mind that the women at Ann Arbor are all either earnest ones seeking education, or else they are matter-of-course pupils drifting along the full course of schooling that the West demands for its youth. The idle, silly, frivolous, worldly girls have not been seen there yet. In the West it is not yet a mere matter of fashion for women to be college-bred. When it is, a different class of girls will go there—spendthrift girls, and girls who live for dress, and (Heaven forefend!) perhaps champagne and cigarette girls.

I was very anxious to know how the girls compared with the boys, intellectually, as students. Being a man and like a man, I went to the men to find out—to the professors. "They cannot be said to fulfil the promise that girl children make in the lower schools," I was told. "As children they are brighter than boys, but as women they are not so successful as their brothers. It can be said of the young women that they are more conscientious students; more faithful as students, more anxious to succeed, more humiliated by failure in the publicity of the class-rooms. Then, again, they have less to distract them than the boys with their out-door sports and in-door amusements." From another professor I gathered this: "The girls are the equals of the men up to a certain point. Then they drop behind. They follow nothing scientifically. They do not pursue a study to its furthest following, or with the patience or sustained interest that men show."

On the broad topic of co-education I got many points from old and young, and boys and girls. Hear this, from a girl of twenty-two: "Co-education destroys the desire for woman's rights. Perhaps education destroys it, but co-education certainly does. I don't know why it is; perhaps it is because we see the character of the male man in process of development side by side with the female character. We see what forceful natures they have and with what ease they dominate us, and everything; at all events, the woman's rights idea vanishes from the minds of the women in this college."

"Yes," said a married woman listener, "and there is not a woman with a mission in the college. I understand that they develop women with missions in the Eastern colleges, but here we destroy them."

There are women in Ann Arbor who have their doubts about—not co-education, but about—the advantages of college education for women. "Plenty of the girls complain that college life makes them very selfish," said one; "and others who do not say this assert that it makes them narrow. They lose their touch upon practical every-day life, they miss a knowledge of what is going on in the world." It seemed to me that the substance of this plaint was that the girls do not get time to read the magazines, the novels, and the newspapers of the day.

"But," said a very long-time resident within the college circle, a matron and a college woman, "it is an indubitable fact, admitted by a host of girls, that college life does make them selfish, indifferent to the affairs of others, self-centred, and hardened. It is queer that this should be so, since the democracy that the boys always enter into has a broadening influence upon its members. But girls draw sharp lines in forming social sets and circles. They exclude from their society and their gifts of flowers and ices certain girls who are often the victims of mere prejudice. This hardens them; it is all a part of the selfishness they develop. But the worst is the setback the girls get when they go to their homes. They come from narrow homes and tiny communities, live four years wholly for themselves, and come to dread the routine and the unselfishness of the family life to which they must return. When they go home at vacation-time they are not made to reconnect themselves with the home life; they are treated as guests, and petted, made much of. Their people are glad to see them, and they stand at one side of their family life and dread returning to it. When at last they are at home to stay, they unquestionably pass through years of melancholy, gloomy experience, disappointment over having found no means of continuing something akin to their college lives. Those who do not suffer this either marry or teach—this is the common aim of the majority. It is admitted that education should do better, should teach women how to broaden their lives and radiate enlightenment."

"And I maintain that it does," said a young college professor's wife. "I insist that college women soon recover from their college habits, and begin to find and to develop congenial souls and congenial pursuits. They broaden the families to which they return, and when they marry they make better wives and mothers than if they had not been to college."

"But, after all," said I to President Angell, the kindly, able, easy, but firm, head of the greatest or next to the greatest body of students in America, "I am still puzzled over the original question: How parents can send their young girls away to mingle with boys, unguarded, unguided, in view of all that we know of human nature. I see that all here is sweet and pure and practical and businesslike. I find only trifles to criticise, and even these do not affect the *morale* of the university. But I feel that we in the East are not as ready to adopt co-education as you people are, and since my reasons are but the ordinary promptings of prudence, I cannot understand why they are so little applicable to what I see around me here."

"What you know of human nature is sound enough," said he, "but we have educated human nature. What I mean is that here in the West we know no other kind of education than co-education. Not only is the entire school system of Michigan co-educational, but such is the system of all the West. Everywhere the public schools harbor both sexes. In Michigan the academy idea has never flourished. The State has but two notable and very successful academies. From the cross-roads primaries to the High-Schools all the State educational institutions shelter both sexes. This university is a State institution, and it but follows the local—really the Western—custom. The reason that co-education here is not an experiment, but a perfect and fixed idea, is that from childhood to maturity the sexes go to school hand in hand. They know of no schooling where the sexes are separated, for here they never have been separated."

After I had written this article, and had seen it in type, I happened to speak of it to a man high in a commanding profession—a Western man established here.

"I was co-educated," said he, "and I do not believe in the system. It makes flabby boys. The presence of the girls leads the young men to dawdle in parlors, to collect sofa pillows, and to idle about, waiting to take the girls home, when they should be engaging in athletic sports and exercises. The co-educated man loses half that other men get in college—the development of the body. Another thing, I cannot think it good for young women or boys to trifle with the affairs of the heart as they did when I went to college. There the majority got engaged before they were graduated, and yet nothing came of the engagements; they were broken after the couples separated."

These reflections do not especially concern Ann Arbor, for it was not there that he went to college. But they express the opinion of a thoughtful and able man, and are part of the testimony I set out to gather.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW LOAN BUREAU.

WITH a capital of about $41,000, the Loan Bureau, started over a year ago in St. Bartholomew's Parish House, by Rev. Dr. Greer, has now been incorporated under the law passed by the last Legislature for the organization of provident loan societies.

When this branch of Dr. Greer's philanthropic work was well under way last year HARPER'S WEEKLY published a full account of its operations, with views of the building and scenes in the Loan Bureau. Under the new law the work will be widened in scope; but Dr. Greer's hope is that it will prove so decided a success from a business point of view that others will be induced to enter the field and give the public the benefit of similar institutions in other parts of the city and in all the large cities of the State.

The new law really offers an excellent opportunity for the organization of loan societies on a purely business basis, which will pay a substantial profit, and at the same time prove a blessing to clients. This law was promoted by the Charity Organization Society of Buffalo, and was passed early in April with a provision limiting its operations to counties with less than 600,000 inhabitants.

Through the prompt action of the directors of St. Bartholomew's Loan Bureau the law was amended early in May so as to include all counties of the State having a population of over 300,000, and the law was signed by Governor Morton on the 22d of May.

The law provides that any three or more persons may organize a loan society by filing a request with the State Banking Department and incorporating in the usual manner under the State laws. Any society so organized is required to give a bond of at least $5000 to transact business according to the terms of this law, and to make loans, either on chattel mortgages or on personal property held as pledges after the manner of the pawnbrokers, up to the sum of $200. The law allows societies so organized to charge interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per month for the first two months and 2 per cent. per month thereafter, a maximum of 26 per cent. per annum. This at first sight seems to be a high rate of interest, but when it is remembered that the loan sharks of this city and Brooklyn, and in every city in the State, charge a minimum of 10 per cent. a month for loans of this character, it will be seen that this law opens the way for a great reform.

No doubt a great many societies of the kind will be organized in the near future. As the St. Bartholomew's Society, which is the pioneer in this work in the State of New York, has fixed its rate of interest at 1 per cent. per month, or a maximum of 12 per cent. per annum, it is not believed that a higher rate of interest will be charged by other societies that will go into business under this law.

A charge for expenses incurred by the society in examining goods, for filing papers, and making searches of the records at the Register's office, will be made by St. Bartholomew's, which will amount to not more than 6 per cent. on the amount of loan in any case, so that the maximum charge for interest and expenses will not be over 18 per cent., or 8 per cent. less than the maximum allowed by the law.

Experience covering a period of sixteen months has convinced the directors that these loans cannot be made at a lower rate with the present capital of the bureau. The requests for loans are at least ten times greater than the capacity of the bureau, and it is safe to say that seven out of nine who are turned away are just as good clients as those who are accepted, but the bureau now makes a rule of accepting no more applications than it is able to attend to within a reasonable time.

The necessity, therefore, for other societies of a similar kind with much greater capital is very urgent, and with the amount of money now lying idle in New York it would seem that several organizations might be effected under this law to carry on a legitimate business in the loaning line. It would require more than half a dozen societies to drive out of business the unprincipled extortioners who are now imposing on the poor, and who have made fortunes in the last few years out of the necessities of those least able to pay their usurious rates.

The results of the operations of St. Bartholomew's are conclusive proof that the business, if carefully and discreetly managed, can be made successful in every respect. The loans of St. Bartholomew's for sixteen months have amounted to about $65,000, and the monthly instalments repaid amount already to over $36,000. The institution was started with a capital of less than $25,000, and an increase in its capital was not made until near the 1st of March of this year, and yet the total amount of outstanding loans on which delinquent payments are overdue amounts to less than $4000, and the total losses to July 1, 1895, do not exceed $200. These losses are almost entirely on loans that were made in the earlier stages of the bureau's existence, before the persons in charge of the work had learned all that they know now about weeding out the unworthy and the unreliable.

It would be difficult to show a smaller percentage of loss in any business whatever, and this record has been made in a period marked by excessive depression in business, idleness on the part of wage-earners, and general hard times. It is quite within bounds to say that with business conditions normal, and with some experience and care in management, any loan society organized under this new act can be made a paying business and a public benefaction. JAMES A. MACKNIGHT.

THE TAOUIST RELIGION.

BY ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

IN an attempt to unravel the mysteries of the religions of the Chinese one is confused at the outset by the almost obliterated lines between the three leading forms of religion existing side by side. The process of amalgamation has gone on for so many centuries that one is liable to be misled in an effort to analyze the different creeds. The fact is that Buddhism, Taouism, and Confucianism have existed until a belief in the distinctive phases of each has become quite common in one mind. And even those who nominally accept the Christian religion, either Catholic or Protestant, really add the new to the old faiths, and believe more or less in the four religions. It is thus true that in one mind may be found a belief in four primarily distinct and separate religions—each having added its quota toward a result whose aggregate beliefs are derived from wholly dissimilar sources; and the result is, as might be looked for, a unique specimen of religionist.

In this paper I shall endeavor to indicate the particular features of Taouism.

This system of religion is pronounced indigenous to China. Its founder was one Laou-tse, who is supposed to have lived contemporaneously with Confucius, and to have been some years older than that celebrated philosopher. The word *Taou* signifies *reason*, and therefore a *Taouist* is a *rationalist*, in name at least; but, in fact, the Taouists are the most *irrational* of all the religionists of the East. The tendency in rationalism is toward the utter destruction of belief in the existence of unseen spirits of evil. Enlightened reason dethrones devils; but Laou-tse created devils innumerable, and the chief concern of the Taouist sect has always been to manipulate these emissaries of evil. Modern rationalists deny the existence of devils, and relegate them to the category of myths and to personified ideas.

Not so the rationalist of the Orient. He finds his greatest pleasure in contemplating the very atmosphere he breathes as filled with spirits constantly seeking his injury; and to outwit his satanic majesty is the chief end of life.

The sect is founded on the monarchic plan. The chief high priest corresponds to the Pope in the Catholic religion, and all authority is vested in him. His decrees constitute the laws of the sect, and all power to perform miracles must come from him to the priesthood. He has the power to exorcise devils and to heal the sick and avert calamities, and this power he delegates to such of the priesthood as command his favor. Such delegated power, however, is held on sufferance and not on fee simple. It is not necessary that a priest gain favor with his royal highness to get this power, but he must retain said favor in order to hold the power. This has created a vast army of priests, who are the willing tools of the high priest; and he is thus enabled to wield the most absolute and despotic power over the minds of the people.

The system has the most elaborated code of demonology, and it is likewise patterned after the political constitution of the empire. The head devil lives in the sea, and has been honored by the Chinese people by being adopted as their national emblem. The dragon flag which floats from every staff, from the dome of the royal palace at Peking to the mast-head of the humblest Chinese boat, testifies to the high esteem in which the chief devil of Laou-tse's followers is held. Then the multitude of lesser devils is so great that no man can number them; and these are on the track of every man, woman, and child, seeking in all methods their injury. To watch the movements of this devil host, and to frustrate their designs, is the province of the Taouist priests.

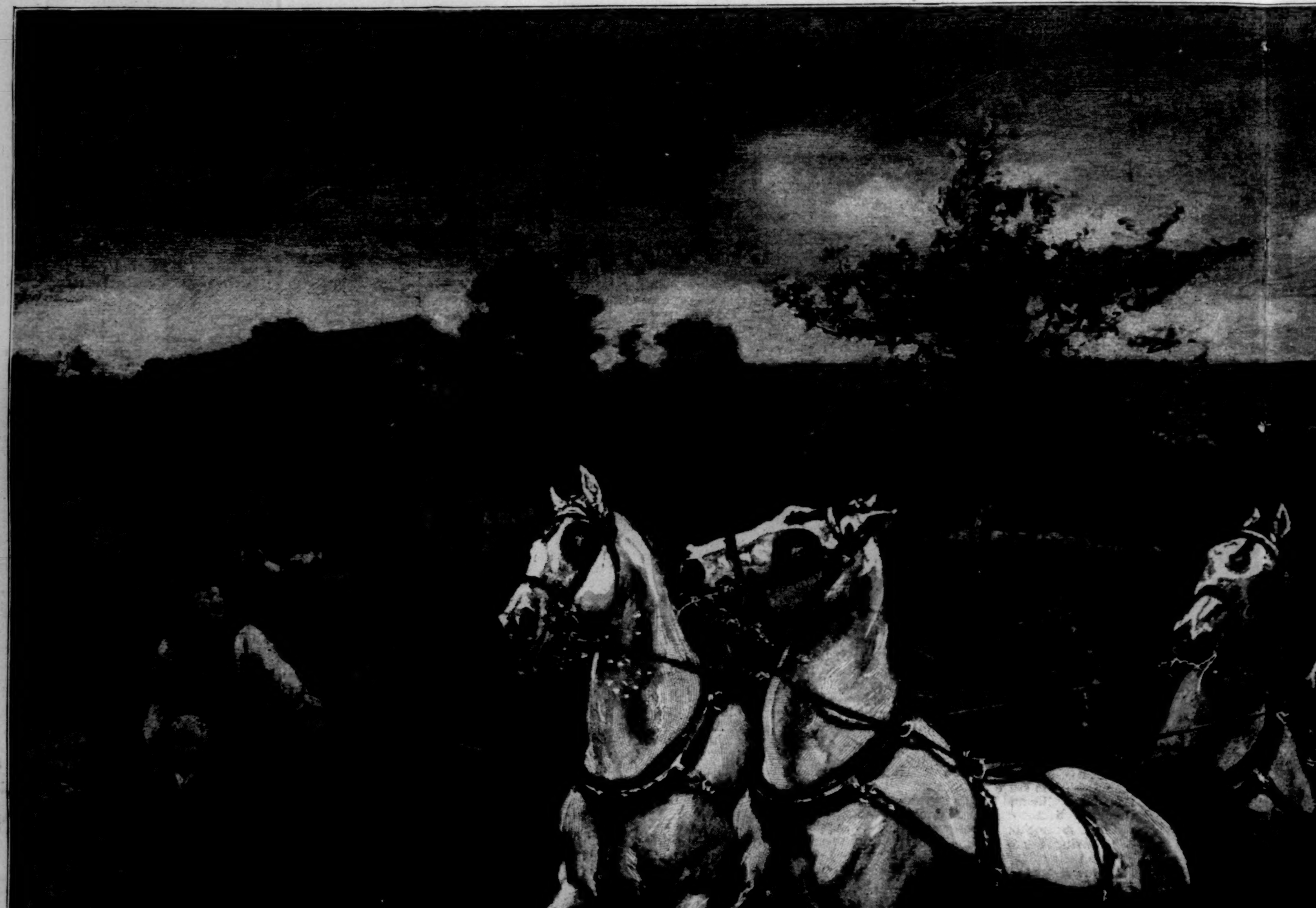
Here we have a decidedly interesting state of things. The very earth teeming with malicious demons! Man everywhere exposed to their attacks, and but one avenue of escape, viz., through the intervention of the priests! Is it a matter of surprise, therefore, that this priesthood wields such absolute power over the minds of the people? They live on the fat of the land. They are consulted on all occasions, and their instructions are obeyed to the letter by their deluded followers. It is not to be wondered at that these priests look with disfavor upon the advent of Europeans; that they fill the minds of the people with such antipathy to all change from the established order. They are wise enough to forecast their own overthrow with the advent of a deeper intelligence.

The priests are celibates, perhaps with the thought that if they were to prove unequal to the task of managing a wife their prestige in devil manipulation might suffer. They keep aloof from the common life around them, and live in mountains and unfrequented and isolated places that they may the better impress their own superiority over their fellows.

The priests are called upon by the people when it is discovered that a home or village is infested by a devil. Devils have the power to materialize themselves into a piece of waste paper or dirt in order to get into the houses unobserved. These devils are not credited with a high order of intelligence. Chinese architecture is governed by this conception. The doors or main entrances are put in unexpected angles and niches in the walls, with the idea that they will fool the devils. They cut up the roof-lines on dwellings into fantastic shapes for the purpose of preventing devils using them for promenade purposes; and, as a matter of fact, these imps have hard work to get into the houses. But when they once get in, no power is able to get them out except the priest.

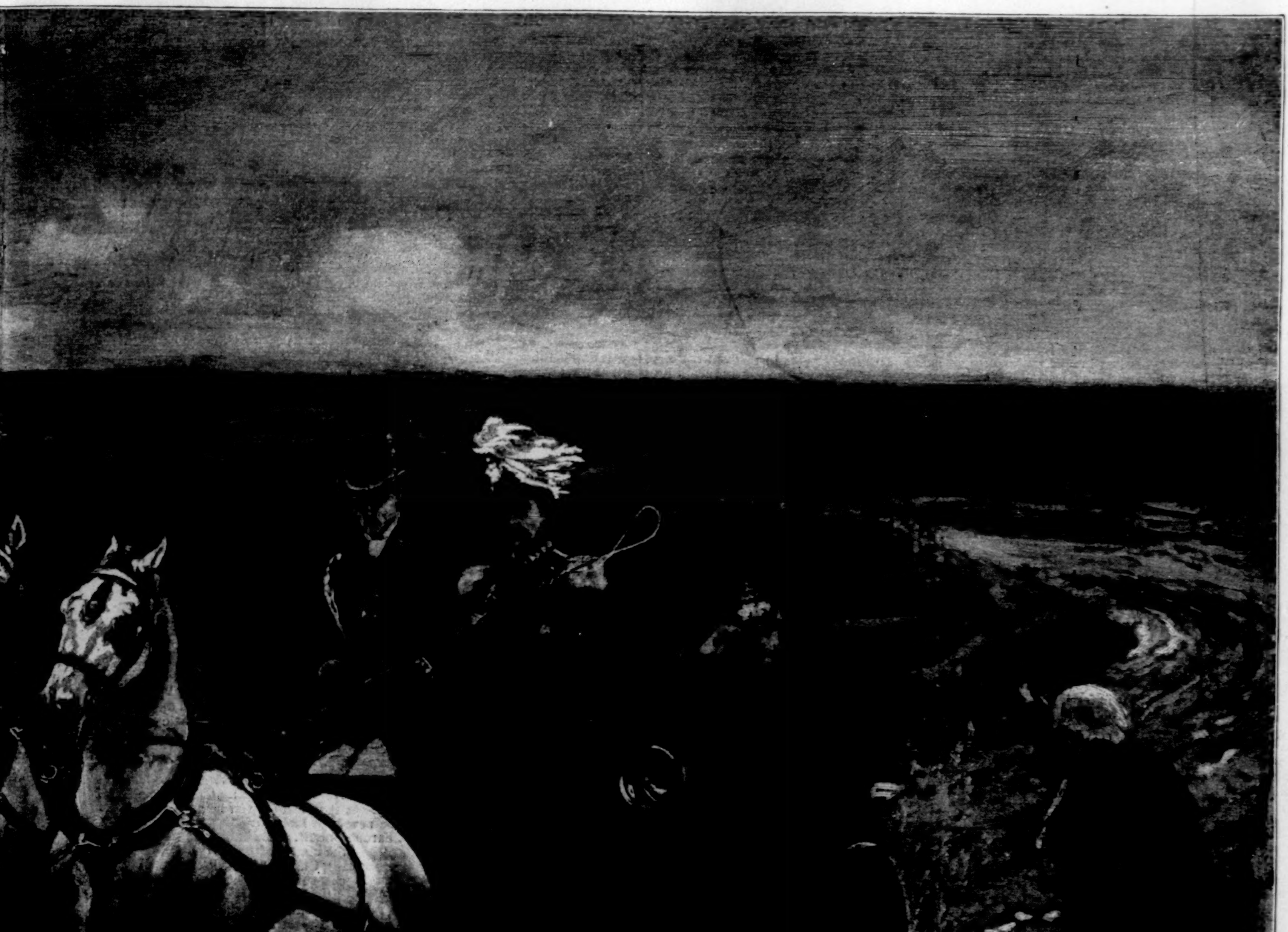
The white horse is a common form in which devils infest a community. They appear in the form of a white horse walking upon the city walls and over graveyards, and even stepping from one roof to another. They are thus seen by some truthful witness, and the evil omen soon gains currency.

The intervention of the nearest priest is sought, who takes a survey of the situation, and discovers the number of devils, if more than one, and calculates on the necessary steps to capture it or them. The financial ability of the community has much to do in determining the means of safety. If the locality is wealthy, or has a few wealthy men in it, the priests generally make out a strong case. He may require to call in other priests in consultation. All this time the people dwell in morbid fear, pending deliverance. At length the priests announce their ultimatum. It will require a fee of one hundred taels ($140 American money) to procure safety. The money is raised by public subscription and paid over to the priest in charge. Then the capture of the devils is the next step. A bottle or jar is secured for each devil, and the priests secure a bait in the shape of imitation gold and silver tinted paper (called joss paper). This paper is imitation money, and when it is reduced to spirit by being burned the devils do not know it from genuine money — here again showing their low mentality—and they enter the bottle in which the joss paper has been burned. When they are thus entrapped the bottle is sealed and carried away by the priest. Then the people feel grateful to their deliverer, and the priest has again proved his importance to the welfare of the community and at the same time replenished his bank account. The "Tsung-li-



DRAWN BY W. SMALL.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR DRIVING HOME AFTER TAKING



After a Photograph by Major Fortuné Nott.

NG PART IN THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.—[See Page 773.]
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Yamen," or office of the high priest of this sect, is a curiosity. It has large halls and rooms filled with dust-covered and sealed jars, in every one of which is confined a devil, captured on the above unique plan. And were each and every jar filled with silver, I question if it would equal the sums paid for the capture of these imprisoned devils.

This demonology enters into every phase of Chinese life. The priest is the only medium between the people and their invisible foe. Not a voyage is undertaken until the devils are baited by burning bogus paper money. Not a wedding, but the priest is called in to decipher the omens for good or ill luck. And when a man is sick he is possessed of devils. Chills are the most common form of possession. What makes a man shake if he is not in the power of a devil? So the people believe, and a priest is called instead of a doctor, and prayers take the place of pills. Epileptic fits or convulsions are the devil in a malignant form; and if a man is taken thus in a crowded building, that building is rapidly deserted.

A good doctor could go among the Chinese, and by curing the sick, attending his physic by incantations, enthrone himself as a deity in the belief of that deluded people. When a man is dying, no money would induce a Chinaman to remain near him. I first met this fact on a Pacific steamer bound from San Francisco to Hong-kong. I was walking on the deck with the ship's surgeon, when a stream of Chinamen came rushing on deck from the lower decks like a colony of ants when disturbed. I asked what had caused such a stampede. The doctor replied that a Chinaman was dying. He hurried below, and found a man gasping his last breath with consumption. I discovered later, when pursuing my studies of Chinese religions, the secret of this strange stampede. The devil was after the soul of that poor consumptive, and the rest were not going to take any chances by remaining near him in the final struggle.

Not every wise-looking crow or magpie which alights upon the bough of a tree to rest is the innocent creature it appears to be, but a devil in disguise spying out the lay of the land. Nor do the frightened people seek relief by killing the bird of evil omen, but they call a priest to look into the matter. He generally advises that the tree be cut down in the night and removed.

Thus when the devil, *alias* a crow, returns to his perch he is fooled, and thrown off the track.

The ceremonies so often observed on occasions of death all have their origin in the demonology of the Taouists. Paper clothes, paper palaces, paper pipes, and paper money are burnt when a man dies to provide the soul of the dead with means of bribing its way through the devil's kingdom to its rest, and the clothes burned are often patterned after high officials' gowns in order to impress more favorably the spirits encountered on the mysterious journey.

Taouist priests are called to consult the soul of the departed to ascertain its wishes. They discover the locality for burial, and indicate all details of this last service to the dead.

The Shanghai Railroad met its doom from this source. The priest informed the people that the rumbling noise of the cars and the steam-engine were distasteful to the dead who filled the numerous mounds along its course. To appease the wrath of the dead, Chinese capitalists bought the road, with its equipments, and tore up the tracks, and stored the entire plant under sheds at Shanghai. Thus it is seen that this religion stands in the way of all innovations in that old country, and the first thing necessary in order to introduce railroads into China is to dethrone the priests and infuse a little common-sense into the people.

During the prevalence of the great famine in northwestern China in 1874–8 there was an unusual flood in the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang. The priests endeavored to solve the mystery of this uneven distribution of rain. The censure fell upon the royal household at Pekin. It is the duty of the Emperor to enter the Temple of Heaven twice a year and invoke the blessings of Heaven upon the people. He always asks for rain among other things, and the impression obtained that the Emperor had hurriedly asked for rain, but had not taken the pains to state where he wanted it. The result was that floods came in some places, while famine from drought came in other parts of the empire. This feeling was producing a general spirit of revolt, when in 1878 the rains came to the rescue in the drought-smitten provinces.

A few of the more intelligent Chinamen at Shanghai with whom I have conversed exhibited an independence of thought which was exceptional. It showed a tendency to break away from the tyranny of ignorance and superstition, which tendency must eventually spread sufficiently to awaken an age of reason. And when it comes the Taouist high priest must fold his tent and silently march away.

But the dominance of ignorance and the quackery of priests will hold China in slavery to an unreasoning fear and irrational faith for generations yet unborn. Yet the seeds of a better intelligence are being planted in this dark corner of the earth. The people observe that Europeans give no heed to imaginary devils, and nevertheless prosper without the intervention of priests; and thus the realization will eventually dawn upon them of how grievously their forefathers have been hoodwinked, cheated, and robbed by the reign of demonology, created and perpetuated for their own gain by the army of Taouist priests.

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX,

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(Publication Authorized by the House Committee.)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I.—CHARON MAKES A DISCOVERY.

CHARON, the Ferryman of renown, was cruising slowly along the Styx one pleasant Friday morning not long ago, and as he paddled idly on he chuckled mildly to himself as he thought of the monopoly in ferriage which in the course of years he had managed to build up.

"It's a great thing," he said, with a smirk of satisfaction—"it's a great thing to be the go-between between two states of being; to have the exclusive franchise to export and import shades from one state to the other, and withal to have had as clean a record as mine has been. Valuable as is my franchise, I never corrupted a public official in my life, and—"

Here Charon stopped his soliloquy and his boat simultaneously. As he rounded one of the many turns in the river a singular object met his gaze, and one, too, that filled him with some misgiving. It was another craft, and that was a thing not to be tolerated. Had he, Charon, owned the exclusive right of way on the Styx all these years to have it disputed here in the closing decade of the Nineteenth Century? Had not he dealt satisfactorily with all, whether it was in the line of ferriage or in the providing of boats for pleasure-trips up the river? Had he not received expressions of satisfaction, indeed, from the most exclusive families of Hades with the very select series of picnics he had given at Charon's Glen Island? No wonder, then, that the queer-looking boat that met his gaze, moored in a shady nook on the dark side of the river, filled him with dismay!

"Blow me for a landlubber if I like that!" he said, in a hardly audible whisper. "And shiver my timbers if I don't find out what she's there for. If anybody thinks he can run an opposition line to mine he's mightily mistaken. I can carry shades for nothing and still quaff the B. & G. yellow-label benzine three times a day without experiencing a financial panic. I'll show 'em a thing or two if they attempt to rival me; and what a boat! It looks for all the world like a Florentine barn on a canal-boat."

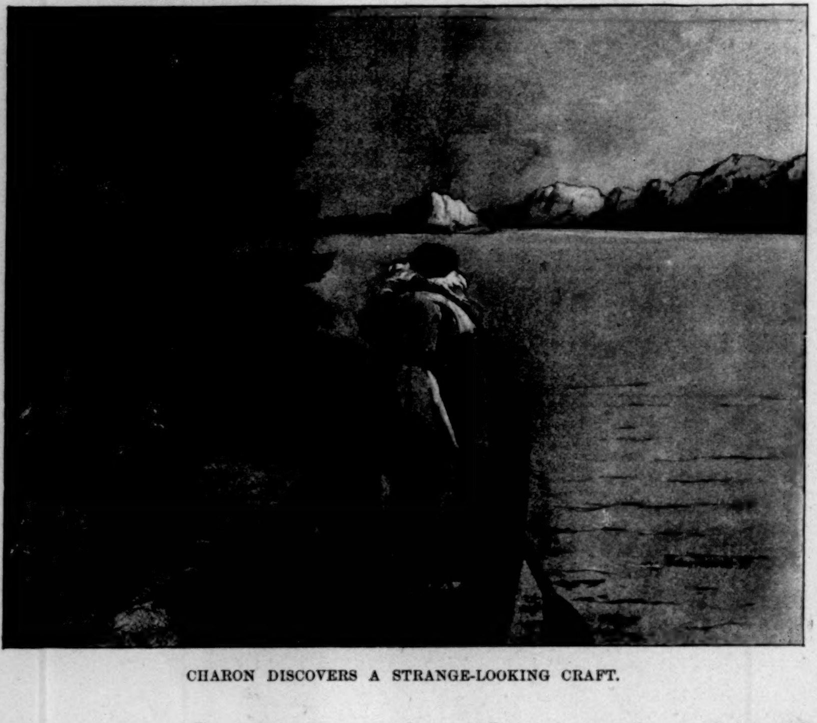
Charon paddled up to the side of the craft, and standing up in the middle of his boat, cried out,

"Ship ahoy!"

There was no answer, and the Ferryman hailed her again. Receiving no response to his second call he resolved to investigate for himself, so, fastening his own boat to the stern-post of the stranger, he clambered on board. If he was astonished as he sat in his ferry-boat, he was paralyzed when he cast his eye over the unwelcome vessel he had boarded. He stood for at least two minutes rooted to the spot. His eye swept over a long, broad deck, the polish of which resembled that of a ballroom floor. Amidships, running from three-quarters aft to three-quarters forward, stood a structure that in its lines resembled, as Charon had intimated, a barn, designed by an architect enamored of Florentine simplicity, but in its construction the richest of woods had been used, and in its interior arrangement and adornment nothing more palatial could be conceived.

"What's the blooming thing for?" said Charon, more dismayed than ever. "If they start another line with a craft like this, I'm very much afraid I'm done for. I wouldn't take a boat like mine myself if there was a floating palace like this going the same way. I'll have to see the Commissioners about this, and find out what it all means. I suppose it'll cost me a pretty penny, too, confound them!"

A prey to these unhappy reflections, Charon investigated further, and the more he saw the less he liked it. He was about to encounter opposition, and an opposition which was apparently backed by persons of great wealth—perhaps the Commissioners themselves. It was a consoling thought that he had saved enough money in the course of his career to enable him to live in comfort all his days, but this was not really what Charon was after. He wished to acquire enough to retire and become one of the smart set. It had been done in that section of the universe which lay on the bright side of the Styx, why not, therefore, on the other, he asked.



CHARON DISCOVERS A STRANGE-LOOKING CRAFT.

"I'm pretty well connected even if I am a boatman," he had been known to say. "With Chaos for a grandfather, and Erebus and Nox for parents, I've just as good blood in my veins as anybody in Hades. The Noxes are a mighty fine family, not as bright as the Days, but older—and we're poor, that's it—poor; and it's money makes caste these days. If I had millions, and owned a railroad, they'd call me a yacht-owner. As I haven't, I'm only a boatman. Bah! Wait and see! I'll be giving swell functions myself some day, and these upstarts will be on their knees before me begging to be asked. Then I'll get up a little aristocracy of my own, and I won't let a soul into it whose name isn't mentioned in the Grecian mythologies. Mention in Burke's peerage and the Élite directories of America won't admit anybody to Commodore Charon's house unless there's some other mighty good reason for it."

Foreseeing an unhappy ending to all his hopes, the old man clambered sadly back into his ancient vessel and paddled off into the darkness. Some hours later, returning with a large company of new arrivals, while counting up the profits of the day, Charon again caught sight of the new craft, and saw that it was brilliantly lighted and thronged with the most famous citizens of the Elysian country. Up in the bow was a spirit band discoursing music of the sweetest sort. Merry peals of laughter rang out over the dark waters of the Styx. The clink of glasses and the popping of corks punctuated the music with a frequency which would have delighted the soul of the most ardent lover of commas, all of which so overpowered the grand master boatman of the Stygian Ferry Company that he dropped three oboli and an American dime which he carried as a pocket piece overboard. This, of course, added to his woe, but it was forgotten in an instant, for some one on the new boat had turned a search-light directly upon Charon himself, and simultaneously hailed the master of the ferry-boat.

"Charon!" cried the shade in charge of the light. "Charon ahoy!"

"Ahoy yourself," returned the old man, paddling his craft close up to the stranger. "What do you want?"

"You," said the shade. "The house committee wants to see you right away."

"What for?" asked Charon, cautiously.

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm only a member of the club, and house committees never let mere members know anything about their plans. All I know is that you are wanted," said the other.

"Who are the house committee?" queried the Ferryman.

"Sir Walter Raleigh, Cassius, Demosthenes, Blackstone, Doctor Johnson, and Confucius," replied the shade.

"Tell 'em I'll be back in an hour," said Charon. "I've got a cargo of shades on board consigned to various places up the river. I've promised to get 'em all through to-night, but I'll put on a couple of extra paddles—two of the new arrivals are working their passage this trip—and it won't take as long as usual. What boat is this, anyhow?"

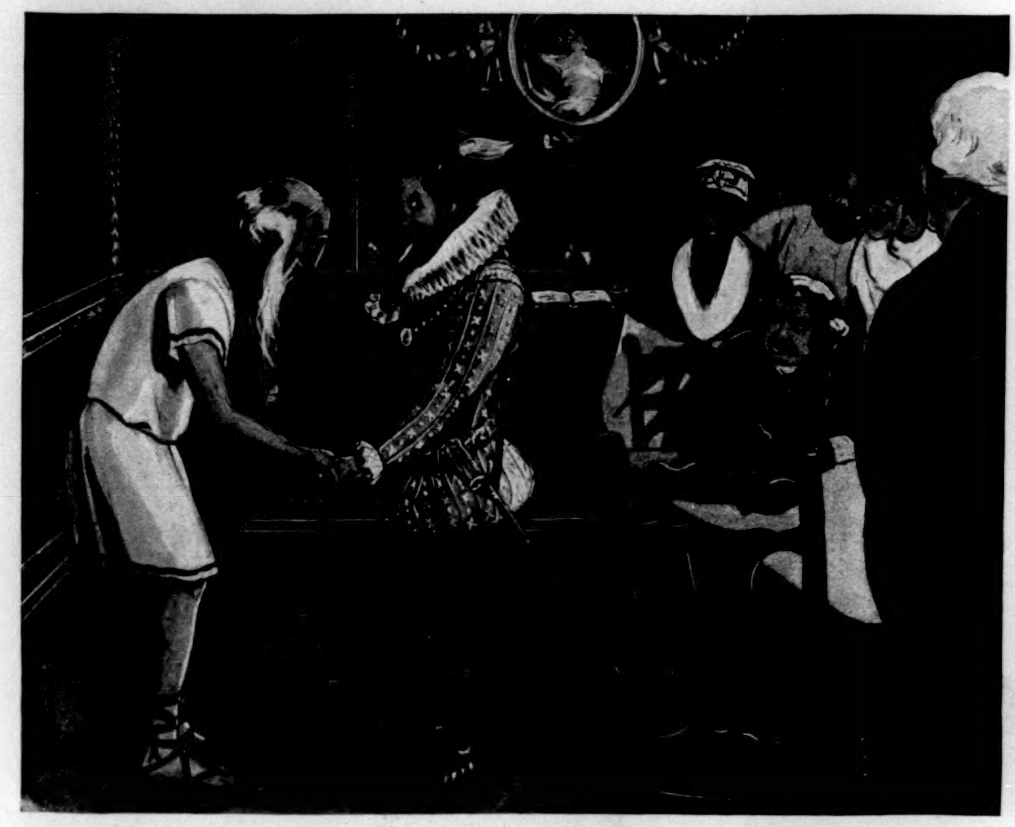
"The *Nancy Nox*, of Erebus."

"Thunder!" cried Charon, as he pushed off and proceeded on his way up the river. "Named after my mother! Perhaps it'll come out all right yet."

More hopeful of mood, Charon, aided by the two dead-head passengers, soon got through with his evening's work, and in less than an hour was back seeking admittance, as requested, to the company of Sir Walter Raleigh and his fellow-members on the house committee. He was received by these worthies with considerable effusiveness, considering his position in society, and it warmed the cockles of his aged heart to note that Sir Walter, who had always been rather distant to him since he had carelessly upset that worthy and Queen Elizabeth in the middle of the Styx far back in the last century, permitted him to shake three fingers of his left hand when he entered the committee-room.

"How do you do, Charon?" said Sir Walter, affably. "We are very glad to see you."

"Thank you kindly, Sir Walter," said the boatman. "I'm glad to hear those words, your honor, for I've been feeling very bad since I had the misfortune to drop your Excellency and her Majesty overboard. I never knew how



CHARON IS RECEIVED BY THE HOUSE COMMITTEE.

it happened, sir, but happen it did, and but for her Majesty's kind assistance it might have been the worse for us. Eh, Sir Walter?"

The knight shook his head meaningly at Charon. Hitherto he had managed to keep it a secret that the Queen had rescued him from drowning upon that occasion, by swimming ashore herself first, and throwing Sir Walter her ruff as soon as she landed, which he had used as a life-preserver.

"'Sh!" he said, *sotto voce*. "Don't say anything about that, my man."

"Very well, Sir Walter, I won't," said the boatman, but he made a mental note of the knight's agitation, and perceived a means by which that illustrious courtier could be made useful to him in his scheming for social advancement.

"I understood you had something to say to me," said Charon, after he had greeted the others.

"We have," said Sir Walter. "We want you to assume command of this boat."

The old fellow's eyes lighted up with pleasure.

"You want a captain, eh?" he said.

"No," said Confucius, toying with the end of his queue. "No. We want a—er—what the deuce is it they call the functionary, Cassius?"

"Senator, I think," said Cassius.

Demosthenes gave a loud laugh.

"Your mind is still running on Senatorships, my dear Cassius. That is quite evident," he said. "This is not one of them, however. The title we wish Charon to assume is neither Captain nor Senator; it is Janitor."

"What's that?" asked Charon, a little disappointed. "What does a Janitor have to do?"

"He has to look after things in the house," explained Sir Walter. "He's a sort of proprietor by proxy. We want you to take charge of the house, and see to it that the boat is kept shipshape."

"Where is the house?" queried the astonished boatman.

"This is it," said Sir Walter. "This is the house, and the boat too. In fact, it is a house-boat."

"Then it isn't a new-fangled scheme to drive me out of business?" said Charon, warily.

"Not at all," returned Sir Walter. "It's a new-fangled scheme to set you up in business. We'll pay you a large salary and there won't be much to do. You are the best man for the place, because, while you don't know much about houses, you do know a great deal about boats, and the boat part is the most important part of a house-boat. If the boat sinks, you can't save the house, but if the house burns, you may be able to save the boat. See?"

"I think I do, sir," said Charon.

"Another reason why we want to employ you for Janitor," said Confucius, "is that our club wants to be in direct communication with both sides of the Styx, and we think you as Janitor would be able to make better arrangements for transportation with yourself as boatman, than some other man as Janitor could make with you."

"Spoken like a sage," said Demosthenes.

"Furthermore," said Cassius, "occasionally we shall want to have this boat towed up or down the river, according to the house committee's pleasure, and we think it would be well to have a Janitor who has some influence with the towing company which you represent."

"Can't this boat be moved without towing?" asked Charon.

"No," said Cassius.

"And I'm the only man who can tow it, eh?"

"You are," said Blackstone. "Worse luck."

"And you want me to be Janitor on a salary of what?"

"A hundred oboli a month," said Sir Walter, uneasily.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Charon. "I'll accept the office on a salary of two hundred oboli a month, with Saturdays off."

The committee went into executive session for five minutes, and on their return informed Charon that in behalf of the Associated Shades they accepted his offer.

"In behalf of what?" the old man asked.

"The Associated Shades," said Sir Walter. "The swellest organization in Hades, whose new house-boat you are now on board of. When shall you be ready to begin work?"

"Right away," said Charon, noting by the clock that it was the hour of midnight. "I'll start in right away, and as it is Saturday morning, I'll begin by taking my day off."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY.

THE distance from Madras to Bombay in a direct line is about five hundred miles, and by the line of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway a little more than six hundred. This great line contends with that of the East Indian for the credit of being the principal railway of the Indian Empire. It is probable that there is but little to choose between the two great lines, either in efficiency of management or in the advantages they confer upon the parts of the country most immediately affected by their operations. Both are constructed on a scale which can only be called magnificent, and both carry a traffic which both in passengers and goods may fairly be described as gigantic. They are both constructed on the gauge of five feet six inches, and nothing can well exceed the massive and permanent character of everything connected with the road and stations.

The southern part of the peninsula of Hindostan consists throughout its whole length of one great plateau, sloping generally from west to east, having, as it nears the western coast, an average elevation of about three thousand feet, and falling on the eastern slope to about one-third of that height. Beyond the table-land there lies a strip of low country, bordering the coast-line of the Arabian Sea on the west and the Bay of Bengal on the east, on which are situated respectively the capital cities of Bombay and Madras. The greater part of the country between is occupied by the subject native principalities of Mysore and Hyderabad. The great Indian Peninsular line crosses this great table-land in a northwesterly direction from Madras to Bombay, throwing out several important branch lines, such as that through the Nizam's Dominions to Hyderabad, on its way.

Although the general character of the scenery of the southern plateau is interesting, and even striking, it is as the higher part of it towards the western side of the peninsula is approached that it becomes most striking in its features. Here the country is generally abrupt and rugged, and the work of railway construction has been of a kind to demand the display of advanced engineering talent, as well as to call for much admiration at the way it has been applied. The line is one of those which obtained the guarantee of the Indian treasury for a minimum interest on the money expended, and the charter contained a provision that no more than a certain maximum dividend should be paid to the stockholders; any surplus was to go to the Indian treasury. This provision is undoubtedly responsible for the splendid construction as well as the magnificent condition of the road and the stations, including the terminal station at Bombay, undoubtedly the finest and most costly in the world. It is needless to say that the government has never received any surplus from the company, but the country at large has received and will continue to receive the advantage of a railroad of almost unrivalled equipment from the arrangement.

The somewhat abrupt descent from the high level of the table-land at Lanauli to the coast district near Bombay displays both the perfect condition of the line, as shown in our illustration of tunnel 21 on the Khandalla ravine, and the excellence of the engineering expedients, as in that of the reversing station on the incline of the Bhorr Ghat. The heavy character of the gradients which the engineers have been compelled to face and deal with is well illustrated by the glimpse given in our view of Battery Hill catch-siding, with its device for checking runaway trains in the descent of the hill. The views from each of these points have, besides their special interest for engineers, the very greatest attractions for travellers, commanding, as they do, masses of abrupt and picturesque mountain, ravines, and gorges, filled with all the most gorgeous vegetation of the tropical world, and glimpses of the glittering ocean and the islands strung together by the links of the railway bridges where the beautiful city of Bombay fringes the shores with its docks and markets, and spangles the upper slopes with white marble villas, shaded by giant palm-trees and embedded in flowers.

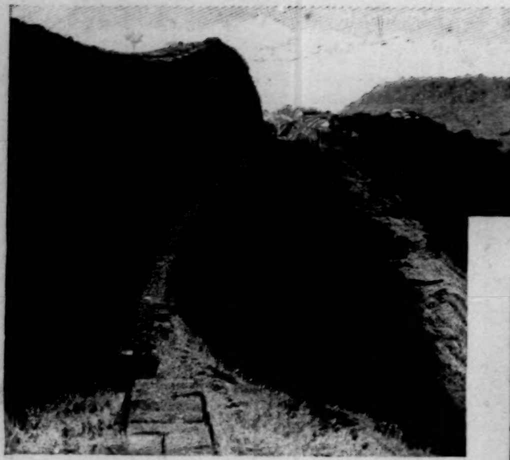
BOMBAY.

Descending from the great Mahratta table-land, the railroad runs for a journey of some four hours' duration over the low-lying coast district through an atmosphere which contrasts most unfavorably with that of the plateau above. The country is almost level, and except for the vegetation, which is always striking and beautiful to a stranger's eyes, and the teeming population presenting always new points of interest and peculiarity to the traveller, there is little to distract the attention from the overwhelming heat and the lassitude which it entails. It is only when the line reaches the shore, and begins to cross from island to island by the long succession of railway bridges that join the island of Bombay proper to the mainland of Hindostan, that the sea-breezes temper the heat and prepare one to enjoy the entrance to one of the world's most beautifully situated and splendidly built cities. The great central station at Bombay is a fitting introduction to the Queen City of India, as the capital of the western Presidency has been very fittingly named. The cost of this magnificent structure must have been enormous, and the lavish expenditure is only to be accounted for by the fact that it cost the company literally nothing. The cost of this vast and palatial building was defrayed out of the surplus earnings of the line in the first twelve or fifteen years of its working, which, under the terms of its charter, must either have been expended on the line itself or paid into the Indian treasury. The company, perhaps naturally, chose to erect a terminal building which is likely long to continue the most costly and magnificent in the world devoted to such a purpose.

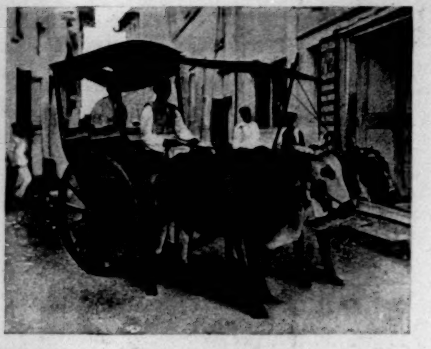
Bombay, like the other two capitals of British India, but unlike all the other great cities of the country, is a modern town. It was not until the year 1661 that the island on which it stands, and which forms the beautiful and splendid harbor on which its greatness depends, fell into English hands. The Portuguese had nearly a century sooner perceived its importance on this coast so devoid of natural harbors, and had added it to their Indian Empire. They never seem, however, to have been able to make any use of it, and when it was ceded to England as part of the dowry of Charles II.'s bride, Catherine of Braganza, the future capital of western India contained but a few wretched buildings, the nucleus of a small trading-station. The English government transferred its new acquisition to the East India Company in consideration of an annual payment of ten pounds sterling, and the company by its business management of the new possession within two centuries built up what may fairly be considered the commercial capital of India—a splendid city of 800,000 inhabitants.

The island of Bombay itself has an area of twenty-two square miles, and upon it the greater part of the city stands, but it has also, since the islands that link it to the mainland were finally joined by the railway and other bridges, spread out until it embraces several of these within its suburbs. The great docks which lie along the inner side of Bombay Island possess all the facilities of the finest harbors of England or America, and the vast ranges of warehouses are uniformly built of stone in a style which, like all the modern buildings of any pretensions to a public character, give the impression of being intended to signify the permanence of the occupancy of the country by its present masters. The city itself, through which one can most conveniently find his way by hiring a hansom-cab, or, if he prefers it, a native jut-cart with its characteristic pair of small zebus, has all the characteristics of a great Eastern city in an extraordinary degree. Bombay is, indeed, the gathering-place of many nations, especially, of course, those of the East, and its great wharves, heaped with goods, crowded with men, and blocked with vehicles, are not more interesting and attractive than are its wide markets and bustling streets, where twenty nationalities jostle against one another, and more than as many languages and dialects reach the bewildered ears of the stranger.

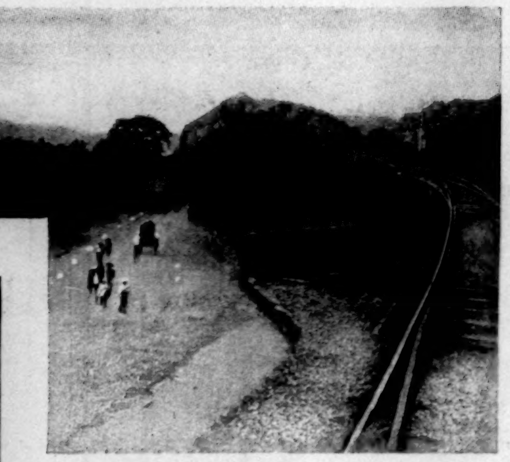
Bombay is an exceptionally beautiful and well-built city. The architecture of its principal streets and buildings is rather profuse in ornament, indeed, but even this, which at first strikes the eye as perhaps overdone, assumes, after a short time, an air of suitability to the magnificent boulevards planted with noble trees, of which all the newer part of the city mainly consists. In the older parts of the city, indeed, there are to be found a narrower class of streets, like that of which we supply an illustration, but even in these the shops and business houses are of substantial and often even splendid architecture. It is, however, the long lines of palacelike villas that crown the higher ground, with their sparkling white walls gleaming through the shade of the gorgeous tropical vegetation that surrounds them, that lend the special charm to every general view of the city, and leave the impression firmly fixed in the mind of every visitor that Bombay is well entitled to the name of the Queen City of modern India.



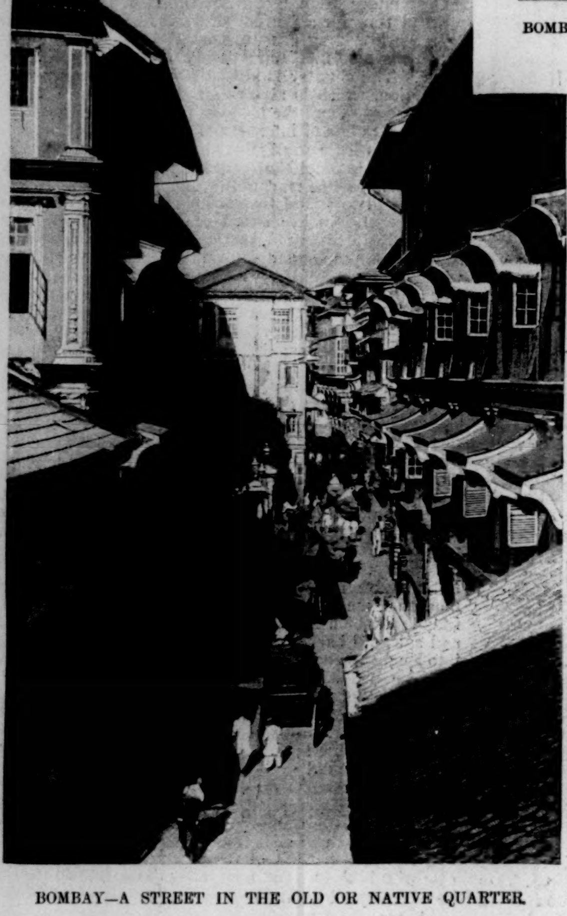
REVERSING STATION OR SWITCHBACK ON THE BHOR GHAT INCLINE OF THE G. I. P. RAILWAY.



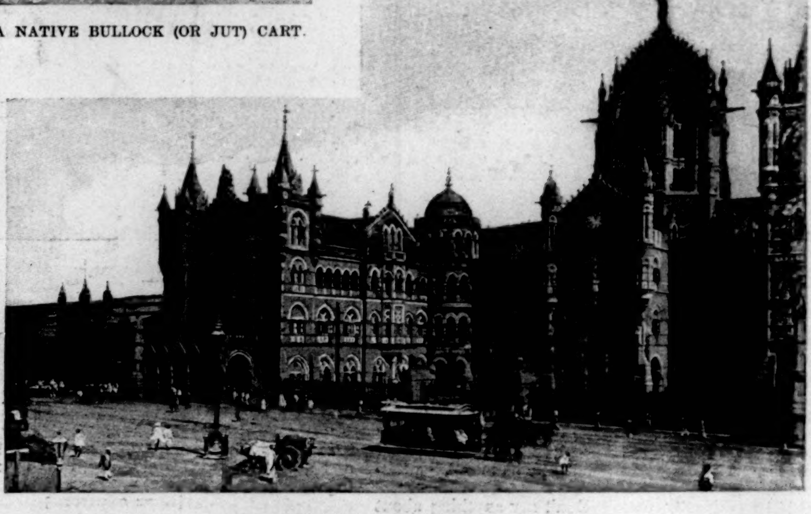
BOMBAY—A NATIVE BULLOCK (OR JUT) CART.



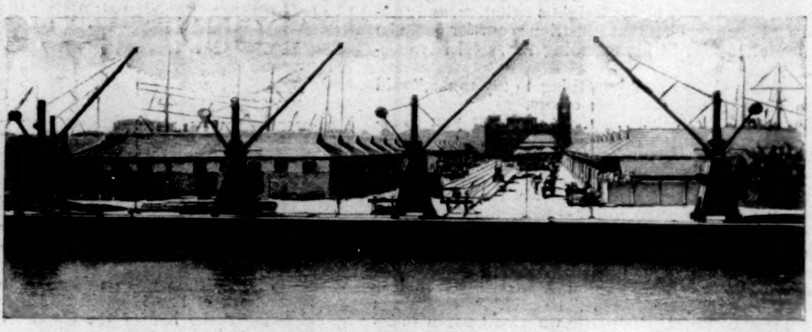
BATTERY HILL "CATCH-SIDING" FOR CHECKING RUNAWAY TRAINS ON THE BHOR GHAT INCLINE OF THE G. I. P. RAILWAY.



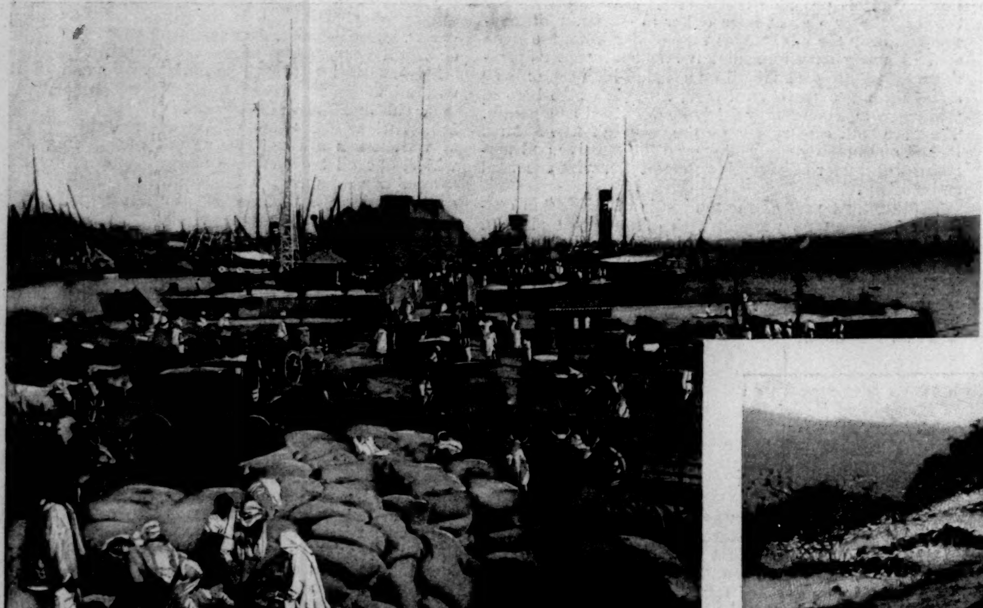
BOMBAY—A STREET IN THE OLD OR NATIVE QUARTER.



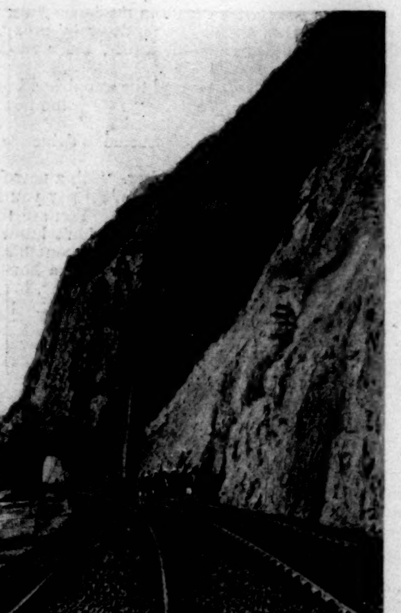
BOMBAY—VICTORIA STATION.



BOMBAY—VICTORIA DOCKS AND BASINS.



BOMBAY—VIEW ALONG THE PRINCESS DOCKS.



TUNNEL NO. 21 ON THE INCLINE OF THE G. I. P. RAILWAY.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN INDIA—THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY FROM LANAULI TO BOMBAY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 781.]

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

Author of "Vignettes of Manhattan," "A Story of a Story and Other Stories," "Studies of the Stage," "Americanisms and Briticisms," etc.

IX.

ALTHOUGH Winslow Pierce had had more money to spend than any of his classmates in college, he had never associated with a fast set. His mother's teaching had given him a liking for order and decency, and a distaste for all violations of the conventions of propriety. Whatever sprees he had been seduced into then had never been protracted or extreme; and they had always been bitterly repented. After his talk with his father, and after he had seen into the hollowness of his father's profession of faith, Winslow's attitude changed altogether. Stripped suddenly of the narrow ethics of his youth, he was left without any protection against his own luxurious inclinations; and he found himself exposed to attack from within and without before he had time to devise a shield for himself.

Ezra Pierce was austere by temperament, and did not need the shelter of the code he accepted; but Winslow was younger and warmer-blooded, and he yielded more easily to the temptations of the flesh. He had always smoked a little now and then on the sly, and he speedily made it a habit. He began to drink also, although it was not often that he drank to excess, as on the night of his first dinner at the Hoyle Club. In general he was moderate and prudent, and he paid his former beliefs the outward respect of concealing his infraction of the rules of conduct he had hitherto accepted as imperative. Becoming a hypocrite himself, he almost suspected his father of hypocrisy also. In his discovery of the wide divergence between the code which his father preached and the code which permitted his father's practices, he was inclined not to credit his father with a sincere acceptance of any code at all.

Ezra Pierce, on the other hand, not knowing anything of the untoward effect produced on his son by his explanation of his own transactions and operations, had no suspicion that Winslow was other than the father and the mother wished him to be. The salary of the president of the Ramapo Pottery Company had been fixed at ten thousand dollars a year; and after that company had been absorbed Ezra Pierce continued himself to pay the same sum to his son. When his wife called his attention to it, he noticed the new clothes of Winslow and of Mary; and he was vaguely conscious that there was an improvement in the style of these over those the young people had worn before. The father attached no significance to the fact that Winslow was often away from the office for two hours at lunch-time, or that he returned with an Egyptian cigarette in his mouth; and as Winslow was ingenious in finding excuses, his father did not notice that he spent the evenings out more and more frequently. His mother remarked this change in her son's habits; but as she accepted his varied explanations, she made it of no importance.

Only Mary, his wife, began slowly to have a vague suspicion of the truth, and it was many months before even she had any idea of the real state of the case; for a young man can run down hill very fast—so fast, indeed, that he may reach the foot before the slower observers see that he has done more than make a start. There is always a clear track and a down-grade on the railroad to ruin, and the engineer never whistles back to put on the brakes.

HE BOUGHT HER COSTLY JEWELRY.

And all that winter Mary was looking forward to her own ordeal, when the blessing of maternity should be hers. In the main she had no cause to complain of the attentions of her husband, for he was kind and devoted to her when he was at home. He did not let her see him again under the influence of liquor; he had explained to her that his condition even on that occasion was an accident, due to the fact that he had rashly refused to abide by Ryder's advice and stick to a single wine. At Christmas, and again on St. Valentine's day, he took her to Tiffany's and bought costly jewelry—the first time a large diamond pin, and the second time a pair of diamond ear-rings.

When he put these last into her ears, just before they came down to dinner on the anniversary of their wedding-day, and then made her look at herself in the tall glass, she colored with delight at her own image, thus superbly bedecked.

"But, Winslow," she cried, "you shouldn't have bought them! They are too expensive for me. Are you sure you can afford it?"

"Certain sure!" he answered, kissing her worn face. "And there's lots more where they came from."

"Do you think you ought to spend so much on me?" the young wife inquired.

"What else am I to do with the money?" her husband asked in return.

When they came to the top of the stairs to go down to dinner a minute later, Mary checked her husband, and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, saying: "Winslow, whatever happens next month, I want you to know to-day how much I love you, and I want to tell you that I am even happier now than I was this day last year. I hope you are too?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" he responded. "Haven't I got everything I want?" Then he put his arm about her and helped her down stairs.

Mary would not have felt so happy on the anniversary of her wedding-day if she had suspected that her husband was pressed for money, and that he had already begun to speculate in stocks. That he was more given to selfish indulgences than she had once supposed she had discovered long before, and that he was not so straightforward and truthful as she had believed formerly. But that he had taken to speculation she never imagined, nor that he was sometimes in debt. The monthly house-charges at the Hoyle Club, and the money lost there at billiards or at poker, had to be paid in cash, while the bill for the jewels given to her was allowed to stand unpaid for weeks. And there were other debts, not a few: it is easy for the young son of a rich man to acquire the most expensive tastes with startling rapidity.

In the case of Winslow Pierce the acquisition of these tastes was even easier than is ordinarily the case, for the father was very rich indeed, and wholly absorbed in the process of making money, and the son was unoccupied, and his moral fibre had been shattered. Then, too, he had fallen into the hands of experts in demoralization, and he had much idle time even on the busiest days.

In his healthy longing for work the young man chafed against his inaction in his father's office; but there was nothing for him to do, and there was no need for him to earn his living by going elsewhere. Perhaps if Ezra Pierce had died in the middle of that winter, so that the burden of managing his wealth had been thrown on his son, or if the father had suddenly lost his money, so that the younger man had been forced to labor for his own support, Winslow might have been saved, even then, to lead a useful life and to be a worthy man. But Ezra Pierce's health was robust, and he was cautious in the management of his wealth. Thus Winslow Pierce had time and nothing to do with it; and he had money and no training in its proper employment. Of necessity he wasted his time; and he spent his money foolishly and went into debt.

In Ezra Pierce's office Arrowsmith kept the books, Farebrother did whatever other clerical labor was required, and Ezra Pierce himself attended to all the plotting and the planning of his schemes for acquiring more and more wealth. All that Winslow could do was to write notes for his father now and again, to carry confidential messages, and to represent his father's interests on various boards of management. Even after Ezra Pierce had parted with nearly all his stock in General Ceramic, he insisted on Winslow's keeping his seat on the board.

"You stay there," he said, peremptorily, one morning early in March, when Winslow had suggested resigning. "I don't know as I may not need you pretty soon."

"But how can you need me on the board of General Ceramic if you have sold out all your stock in it?" Winslow asked.

"I may have some more of that stock soon," his father answered, giving his son a swift glance from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Why, it's higher now than it was when you sold out," the son returned.

Ezra Pierce looked at the young man for a moment, and then answered: "I'm glad to see you taking such an interest in business; sometimes lately I've thought you didn't care for it at all. It's true General Ceramic is higher now than it was when I sold out. But I'm not going to buy any. I propose to make them give me some."

"For nothing?" Winslow queried, astonished. "Why should they?"

"Maybe they'll find it to their advantage to let me have two millions more of the stock," Ezra Pierce answered, with a hard smile. "But not for nothing."

"Well," Winslow responded, "if you don't want to tell me how you mean to do it, I don't want to know; but I confess I'm puzzled."

"I'm ready to tell you now, Winslow," said his father. "You will have to know sooner or later, and you might as well know to-day. Shut the door behind you."

When they were closed into the private office by themselves, Ezra Pierce took off the gold glasses from his large nose.

"You have seen Mr. Wemyss here several times lately, haven't you?" he began, "and you remember that he was the manager of the Ramapo works?"

"I know that we voted various reductions at the October meeting of the General Ceramic directors," Winslow replied, "and Wemyss was one of the men they thought they could spare."

"It's just as well for us that they thought so," his fater went on, "but they made a mistake, for all that. Wemyss was the man who had built up the Ramapo pottery; he had developed its specialties and made a market for them, and the trade liked him. He says the former owner had promised him a partnership, but of course he didn't get that when the works were sold to me. But I made his acquaintance then, and I saw he was a competent man; so when they gave him notice, and he came to me with a scheme, I listened to him. We have formed a stock company with a capital of two millions, and we have bought—very cheap, too—almost for nothing—two small potteries, one on the Bronx and the other at Haverstraw. Wemyss found them, and he has improved them; and at one or the other he is now making the two or three kinds of things for which there is most demand. He knows the business thoroughly, of course, and he is underselling the product of the General Ceramic in all this region here, up the Hudson, and along the Sound. He's been at it only since December, but they have found it out, and it cuts into them severely. They will feel it worse when our potteries are enlarged."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2012.

"Oh," cried Winslow, "then you are behind the Haverstraw and Bronx Consolidated, about which we had a discussion at the January meeting of the board, and you never told me about it?"

"I thought it best not to tell you," said the father; "in fact, nobody, hardly, knows that I have anything to do with the new company. I tell you now, because I shall need your help at the April meeting of the board. We are cutting into the profits of the General Ceramic here, and there are other concerns doing the same in Chicago and New Orleans. The total capitalization of these new companies, mine and the others West and South, is just five millions; and a proposition will be made at the next meeting of the board of the General Ceramic to absorb the new Haverstraw and Bronx Consolidated and the Chicago Ceramic and the Mississippi United potteries, giving us share for share."

"I see," said Winslow, by this time perfectly prepared for any scheme of his father's, and having no longer any desire to dispute or even to discuss it. "But if the Haverstraw works are absorbed, Wemyss will be out of a job again, won't he?"

"Probably," Ezra Pierce answered, indifferently. "Of course he doesn't know anything about our plans. He is working hard to develop the future of the Haverstraw and Bronx works. But he is a competent man, and no doubt he can get a place somewhere. And of course he will make something out of the shares I have given him in the Haverstraw and Bronx Consolidated."

"If the General Ceramic people knew what was best for them," said Winslow, "they'd keep Wemyss this time—they wouldn't let him go off again to work up another opposition company."

"Yes," his father responded. "I should advise them to retain Wemyss for the future—although there is no chance for another combination after this, I think. This arrangement will be made at the meeting next month, I expect; and after that I don't believe General Ceramic will stand any further extension."

"Of course you will sell out the new stock you'll get for the Haverstraw and Bronx Consolidated just as soon as you can after it comes into your hands?" Winslow inquired.

"I don't know as there'll be any advantage in holding it long," his father answered. "The tariff can't be altered against us till next fall, and General Ceramic ought to rise on the announcement of the absorption of the minor competing companies. How long the rise will last I don't know, but I shall sell all I can before the market breaks again."

Winslow was standing by the window, looking at the portico of the Stock Exchange. There arose before him a swift possibility of making money enough to pay all his debts and to give him some cash in hand. He was idly tapping on the glass, wholly unconscious of the men and boys in the street below him scurrying away to shelter as a March rain-storm broke unexpectedly and swept fiercely across the city.

"So you think that General Ceramic will rise sharply after the meeting of our board next month?" he asked, not venturing to look his father in the face as he sought the information.

"I'm sure of it," Ezra Pierce answered. "We are making the competition of the Haverstraw and Bronx as severe as we can—I've told Wemyss to sell some of our product at less than cost all this month. You see, he feels hot against the General Ceramic for the way he was treated, and he likes to cut under them when he can. If there's any talk of consolidation—I don't think there will be, for we shall hold our tongues about it—but if there is any, and they ask Wemyss about it, he'll deny it, of course."

"I see," said Winslow, who was now sitting on the sill of the window. "He doesn't suspect that the real owners intend to sell him out. So he can deny it truthfully."

"Exactly," his father responded.

"I suppose it is a good plan," the son continued, "when one wants lies told to have them told by a man who thinks he is telling the truth all the time. It's ever so much more convincing."

Ezra Pierce swung around in his chair and looked at his son in amazement.

"Why, Winslow!" he said, "I am shocked at you! You know that I never lie myself, and I never allow any one else to make a false statement for me. If this combination were certain to be accepted, I do not know as it would not be my duty to tell Mr. Wemyss now. But it is not certain—not at all certain. The directors of the General Ceramic may refuse to take in the Haverstraw and Bronx Consolidated. I have no means for foretelling the future, have I? So it may be that Mr. Wemyss will be quite right when he declares that an absorption is impossible. Besides, it is not likely anybody will ask him. I have no wish to deceive anybody, of course; but there is no need to take everybody into my confidence, and disclose plans which may not ever be carried into effect, is there?"

"I don't care what Wemyss says," Winslow responded. "All I meant to suggest was that it was a good thing for your plans that he didn't know the real facts of the case. His honest ignorance will make his denials more effective."

"Perhaps it will," his father admitted; "but he may be telling the truth, after all."

"Haven't you got things pretty well fixed with the directors of the General Ceramic?" asked Winslow. "You can count on me, of course. I'm put there to do whatever you want. But the two directors who represent the London stockholders—what will they do?"

"I think they will vote for the new stock," Ezra Pierce replied. "Through a friend of Mr. Silvige's I've taken care that they have seen the plans for the enlargement of the works on the Bronx, and for the doubling of the Haverstraw pottery. The matter has been so arranged that the suggestion as to the buying out of the opposition companies will come from them."

"And you think General Ceramic will go up as soon as the announcement is made that the competing works have been taken in?" asked Winslow, turning again to the window so that his father need not see his face.

"Yes, I feel convinced of it," his father answered. "Mr. Cusachs tells me there are already rumors of a bull pool in General Ceramic. The small speculators will be likely to believe in that, and so will the owners of the Chicago and the New Orleans works too, probably."

"And you don't mean to help put it up?" Winslow inquired, gazing intently at the Stock Exchange.

"No," his father responded; "or, at least, only enough to start the movement; and it's generally easy enough to bull the market here if you choose the right time, for most of the outside purchasers are buyers on a rise. This country is so prosperous, and it has such a future before it, that most Americans are bulls naturally and all the time."

"You are not a bull generally, are you, father?" his son asked, facing about.

"I'm not a speculator at all, as I've often told you," Ezra Pierce responded, gravely. "But a large part of my success in the Street has been due to my willingness to sell out of an investment at lower prices than other people thought it was worth."

"Then you are a bear?" Winslow urged.

"No," said his father, emphatically; "I never speculate, I say. I make investments, that's all; and when I'm dissatisfied with the prospects of that investment I sell out and buy something else. If a thing isn't as good as I thought it, I get out at once; and even when it is good, I'm never greedy—I take a fair profit and close the transaction. That's the real secret of success down here, Winslow, and you can't get it by heart too soon. Limit your losses! There are two things to be remembered always—learn to say 'no,' and limit your losses!"

"If most people here are bulls," Winslow asked, scarcely listening to his father's advice, "how is it the bear side holds its own so well?"

"It takes very little money to be a bear," Ezra Pierce explained, "and brokers will carry a bear account willingly. And yet the first year I was in the Street, when I did a brokerage business, we paid all our office expenses out of the bear accounts in our firm."

"As far as General Ceramic is concerned, you are a bull and a bear both?" asserted Winslow, interrogatively.

"I think the new shares will be issued," his father replied. "Soon the stock will go up, and under cover of the rise I shall sell out. Probably the throwing of two million dollars' worth of shares on the market will depress the stock again. But if I can get par for my new shares, I shall be satisfied with my investment."

"Yes," Winslow returned—"yes, I suppose you will."

As it happened, Ezra Pierce had been able to foretell the course of events with remarkable accuracy. The sharp competition of the rival potteries was the subject of much correspondence; and late in March, Wemyss, as general manager of the Haverstraw and Bronx Consolidated Potteries, denied indignantly that there was any thought of amalgamation with the General Ceramic. Yet at the April meeting of the board of directors of the General Ceramic an issue of five millions of dollars of new stock was authorized to be exchanged for the stock of the Haverstraw and Bronx Consolidated, and for the stock of the other potteries in Chicago and New Orleans. On the announcement that the new shares had been authorized, and after insistent explanations in the columns of Street gossip that the cutthroat rivalry of the preceding months was to cease, the quotations of General Ceramic rose at last to 107, and there was much talk about a strong combination to carry it up to 125. Then a few days later the market developed weakness under the pressure of constant sales, and General Ceramic slowly receded until finally it touched par again, where it remained for a while.

Winslow Pierce had availed himself of his father's forecast. He had full confidence in his father's understanding of the probabilities of the situation, and he had made his arrangements accordingly. As Ezra Pierce's son it was easy for him to get credit at a broker's, and he gave orders to buy one thousand shares for delivery the day after the meeting of the directors of General Ceramic. On the transaction he made a profit of nearly seven thousand dollars, and Ezra Pierce had no suspicion whatever that his son had begun to speculate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE KUCHENG MASSACRE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE detailed accounts of the massacre of missionaries at Kucheng, China, on August 1st reveal no new phase of that horrible and far too common form of Chinese crime—unless it is the fact that the murders took place in the Fo-kien Province, where there has always hitherto been found a friendly bearing of the natives toward missionaries and all foreigners. The new phase which every lover of justice and of his fellow-man should hope to see yet developed in the case should take the form of a stern demand for the severe punishment of every one of the eighty or more malefactors who took part in this latest murderous uprising. The time for this mode of dealing with China by concerted action of all the Christian powers came years ago. China has found it too easy to settle with money for all her breaches of the peace—murders, riots, and even unsuccessful wars—and the practice, at least with respect to the minor disorders, should now be ended.

Kucheng, near which the nine members of the English Church mission were massacred, is on the Min River, about ninety miles above Foo-chow, the treaty port. The river is not navigable for gunboats as far as that from the coast so that this form of protection cannot be given to the missionaries. The literati or official class of Chinese have been exciting the people against the foreigners for many months, and it is reported that all Americans at work there—a little band of six Methodist women, three children, and a clergyman—were brought to Foo-chow for safety two months ago. Miss Hartford, the American woman who was slightly cut and badly beaten, was said to have been one of these ten who left the place of danger, but if so she must have returned to Whasang, the scene of the crime. Whasang is near Kucheng, and is spoken of as "a mountain resort twelve miles from the city." It is evident that it is one of the hills to which, in that part of the country, the missionaries resort for rest and health when the heat of the cities becomes all but unbearable.

We see by reports from other places that one of the excuses of the mandarins for exciting the masses against the foreigners is the failure of the war with Japan. The argument is that all the other foreign powers stood with folded hands looking on at the drubbing that China received. The other charges are the usual ones that are manifold, and arise from the superstitions of the Chinese, and their ignorance of the methods and motives of foreign missionaries. All foreigners are regarded alike in China. The people do not distinguish between an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Japanese. And, as I have taken pains to show in earlier articles upon China, the people of one province of the nation are as foreign to the people of the other provinces as if they were from the most distant part of the globe.

In this case the che-hsieu or magistrate at Kucheng gave no proof that he was either in the anti-foreign conspiracy or in sympathy with it. He went himself at the head of one of the rabbles, called by the name of soldiers in China, and though it is needless to say that no trace was found of the so-called "vegetarians" who committed the outrage, he yet gave protection to the survivors who arranged the sad and impressive funeral of the nine victims. The close reader of the despatches from China gathers the suspicion that the magistrate's superiors, the Tao-tai or governor, and the viceroy, are not so blameless, and would not have sprung to the assistance of the missionaries if called upon. The Chinese, like most Orientals, manage with just such cunning as to provide a semblance of official activity and righteousness, whenever and wherever official guilt or lax administration is likely otherwise to be brought home to them. They deceive no one who is familiar with the Oriental's habits and methods.

In such cases as this, when driven into a corner, their government offers a money indemnity and removes one of the offending mandarins—very often only to provide him with a better position elsewhere. It is the tolerance of such methods that becomes fit almost to be regarded as connivance with them in cases like this outrage at Kucheng, which multiply frightfully as the years speed by and yet bring no improvement in government methods, and none of the fear of severe and certain punishment which alone will deter the murderous Chinamen of the coolie or laboring class from continuing to rise and massacre and disappear again in the native swarm, as schools of fishes rise to the surface of the sea and sink again as if they had mingled their elements with those of the waters that surround them.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. AMBASSADOR BAYARD is a great success in England. He likes the English and they like him. The London *World* has had an article about him in which it expressed the conviction that very few better-equipped diplomats than he had ever been sent to England. Mr. Bayard had been to see the Henley regatta, and told the *World's* reporter, who interviewed him, that he believed he had seen the very jolliest sight in the whole world. He said, at least the *World* says he said, that the key-note of London society is humanity, and that there is no starchness about it. He was impressed by the common interest of people of all classes in such diversions as cricket and boating.

One of the most indispensable attributes of an American ambassador to England is a prompt and efficacious liver that is not afraid to work. Mr. Bayard's liver never seems to creak. His urbanity is a constant quantity, imperturbable, gracious, and superior to fluctuations. There are two ways of having fun with the British lion, one is to twist his tail and make him growl, the other to pat him on the head and make him purr. There can be no question as to which method it is fitter for an ambassador to employ. It seems to be no hardship to Mr. Bayard to forego irritating the lion. He likes the brute, and, bold man that he is, he does not hesitate to say so.

Mrs. Wynne's story of "The Little Room," in HARPER'S MONTHLY for August, excites special interest down Bostonwards, where it is welcomed as an old friend that has at last been put into print by a competent hand. When the issue of the magazine containing it first reached Boston, the *Transcript* said:

> "Friends of the people who knew of the mystery have been telling the story from year to year, and it is pleasant to see this excellent transcription of a bit of semi-ghostly folk-lore. It was told once upon a time on an ocean voyage by a charming *raconteur*, whose tales from life, spookish and otherwise, thrilled a dozen happy auditors on deck on moon-lit nights."

A day or two afterwards, on getting further light on the story from an authority on story-telling, the *Transcript* added:

> "It is delightful to be assured by Miss Wilkins's letter, given elsewhere, that Mrs. Wynne's story is truly 'a made-up,' as children say. It has been so seriously told as truth, with other stories by retailers of the marvellous, that the minds of those who have believed it of the folk-lore genus will be slow to give up the idea, although convinced of the truth of the invention. In their minds there will always remain either a 'little room' *or* a china closet, with salt ready to take with the tale at every reading!"

On the programme of Mark Twain's tour around the world, Friday, August 16th, is the day set for his departure from Vancouver for Australia. He started from Cleveland July 16th, taking one month to cross the continent, lecturing as he went. His itinerary called for twenty stoppages at important towns between Cleveland and Vancouver.

The Tesla electric motor can haul cars at the rate of 150 miles an hour, provided cars can be made to stay on a track and stand the strain at that rate of speed. The Westinghouse Electric Company and the Baldwin Locomotive Company believe that between them they can make such cars, and make them go, and they propose to try. It is just as hard for us to believe to-day that the present speed of railway travel can be tripled as it would have been for our great-grandfathers to imagine that people would travel by steam at thrice or four times the speed of the fastest stage-coach.

On his recent trip to the West for HARPER'S WEEKLY Mr. Julian Ralph said to a reporter of the Cleveland *Plaindealer* that he believed an excellent means of stimulating civic pride would be the adoption of a city flag. "By means of such an emblem," he said, "your people will constantly have their city and its welfare brought to mind, and wherever it is carried—to national conventions and celebrations—other Americans will know that Cleveland is imbued with that great and growing quality which has been called 'civicism.' With that enthusiasm freshened by every sight of the flag, the people will never grow lukewarm in their work of self-government." The suggestion was opposed by a few, who fancied that they saw in it a danger of disloyalty to the national flag. But now that the city is about to celebrate the centennial anniversary of its birth, the idea has been revived; the Common Council has appointed a well-chosen committee to adopt a suitable flag, and the *Plaindealer* offers a prize for the victor in the competition that is to follow. The leading people favor the project, and Mr. Ralph has written his hope that the beautiful and enterprising city will adopt "a simple, tasteful flag that will carry a noble suggestion, and that it will write upon it a good inspiring motto in plain living English rather than in dead Latin."

A new word is submitted by a reader of this department of the WEEKLY to the approval of the public. It is the substantive "yell-down," and is defined to mean "an American form of conversation, in which no one cares for any one's opinion, and in which every one talks accordingly." The thing exists, and the word offered seems to express it adequately.

The American Humane Society is disturbed by the report that there is to be bull-fighting at the Atlanta Exposition. The society is against bull-fighting, and does not intend to permit that sport at Atlanta if there is any way to hinder it. That there is a way to hinder it seems doubtful unless the laws of the State of Georgia can furnish one. Considering the very limited number of Americans who have ever developed a taste for bull-fighting and the airs of superiority we have given ourselves these many decades because we didn't indulge in that sport, it would seem as if bull-fights would be of doubtful value as a side show for a cotton exposition.

A poet (Calverley) has preserved in serviceable and enduring verse the enthusiastic loyalty of an English dame who came casually upon the Prince of Wales eating cherries in a public garden, and dexterously capturing the cherry stones that fell from the royal lips, preserved them in a glass case for the admiration of posterity. If there happens to be a poet in Pennsylvania there is a theme awaiting him in the exploit of that Pennsylvania hotel-keeper of whom the Philadelphia *Inquirer* relates that having once unexpectedly squashed a mosquito on the neck of an unrecognized man who turned out to be President Harrison, he carefully gathered up the wreck of the insect, and treasures it to this day as the souvenir of a remarkable experience.

The Hodgkins fund of the Smithsonian Institution produces a considerable income, which is devoted to the encouragement of investigation into the properties and uses of the atmosphere. From this fund a prize of ten thousand dollars has been awarded to Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsey, of London, for the discovery of argon in the air. Another prize of one thousand dollars was awarded to Henry de Variquy, of Paris, for the best popular essay on the properties of the atmosphere. Another prize from this side of the water that goes to the discoverers of argon is the Barnard gold medal, lately awarded to them by the faculty of Columbia College.

The sugar-planters of Louisiana make about 25,000,000 gallons of molasses every year, for which there is at present no market and no use. They might make rum of it, but that takes too much capital, and the rum would be unsaleable after it was made. Last year an immense quantity of surplus molasses was dumped into the Mississippi River, and there it did no harm, but much also ran into some of the bayous between Baton Rouge and the Gulf, and in these smaller and more sluggish streams it fermented and did much mischief, killing the fish and making pestiferous stenches. The planters are very anxious to find some use for their molasses. Mixed with clay it makes good fire-brick; a limited amount of it can be fed to cattle; and it will burn, but is an inconvenient form of fuel. It is good to eat on bread, but the demand for that use of it in this country is insignificant in comparison with the supply. If the coolies of China and India could be taught to eat it on rice, that might make a market for it, but Chinese and Indian coolies are not very good pay, and are better at going without luxuries than at cultivating them. Can any one devise a new use for molasses which will cure this waste?

E. S. MARTIN.

JUSTICE JACKSON.

JUSTICE HOWELL EDMUNDS JACKSON, of the United States Supreme Court, who died at West Meade, Tennessee, on August 8th, was born in Paris, Tennessee, on April 8, 1832. He spent his school days in the town of Jackson, and at the age of sixteen graduated from the West Tennessee College. The next two years he spent in the study of law at the University of Virginia, and in 1855 he attended the law school of the Cumberland University. He practised his profession in Jackson, and later in Memphis, where he was twice appointed Judge of the State Supreme Court, and when the civil war broke out he entered the civil service of the Confederacy.

At the close of the war he established himself in Memphis again, and was quickly recognized as a jurist of ability. In the Democratic State Convention of 1878 he came within one vote of being nominated for the office of Supreme Court Judge, and two years later he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of his State. The following year he was sent to the United States Senate on the combined votes of Republicans and Democrats. He remained in this office until 1886, when President Cleveland appointed him Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the Sixth Judicial District.

At the death of Justice Lamar, in 1893, Mr. Harrison, just as he was about to retire into private life, appointed Mr. Jackson, a Democrat, a Justice of the Supreme Court. From a judicial point of view this was commended, but from a partisan view it was deprecated. It was at about this time that Justice Jackson was attacked by the disease of the kidneys which eventually ended in his death, and thus it was that he spent comparatively little time in Washington. When the Income Tax case first came up for a hearing he was ill at his home, and when the decision was handed down showing the court to be equally divided on the question of the constitutionality of the law, the opinion prevailed that Justice Jackson at the next hearing would vote against the tax.

He came to this hearing a very sick man and sat through it, and at the close he voted to sustain the law; but Justice Shiras in the mean time had reconsidered his own opinion, and the law was thus declared unconstitutional. Passing on this question was Justice Jackson's last official act. He then returned to his home in Tennessee, where he was seriously ill until the last. Justice Jackson was related to Andrew Jackson. He was the son of Dr. Alexander Jackson. He married twice, and had a daughter and three sons.

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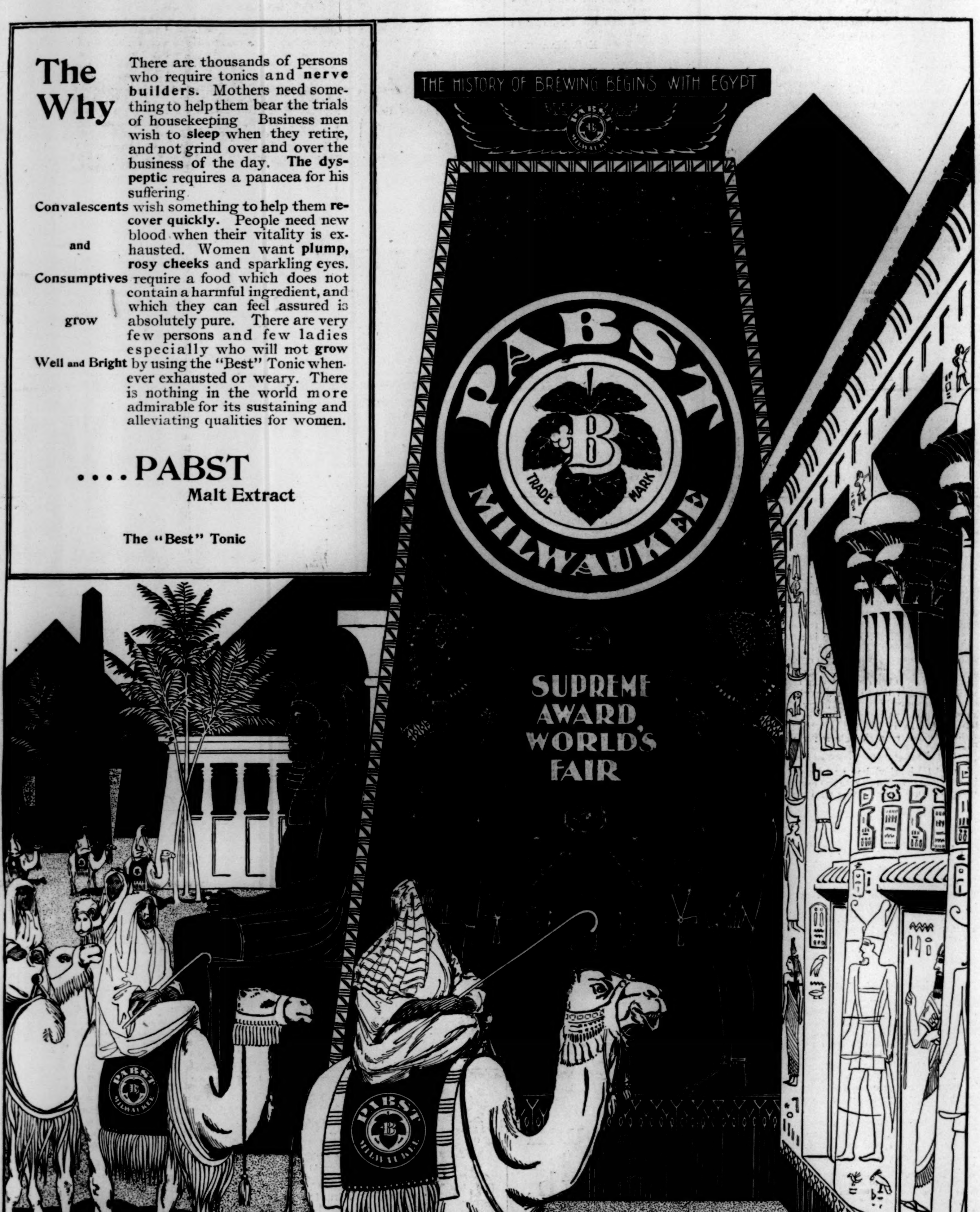
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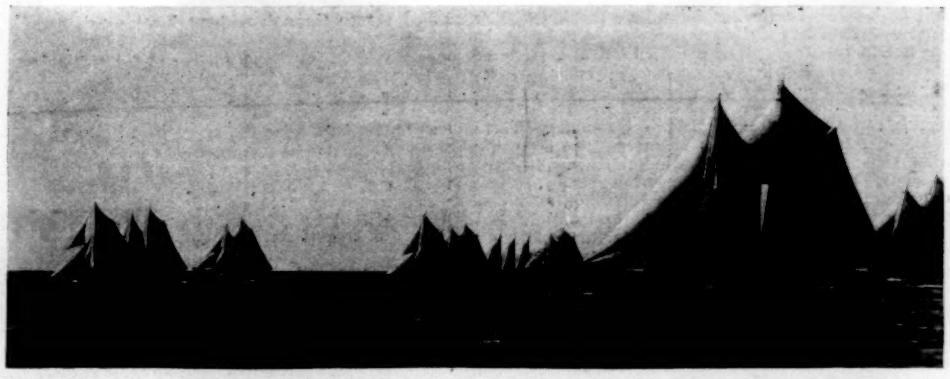


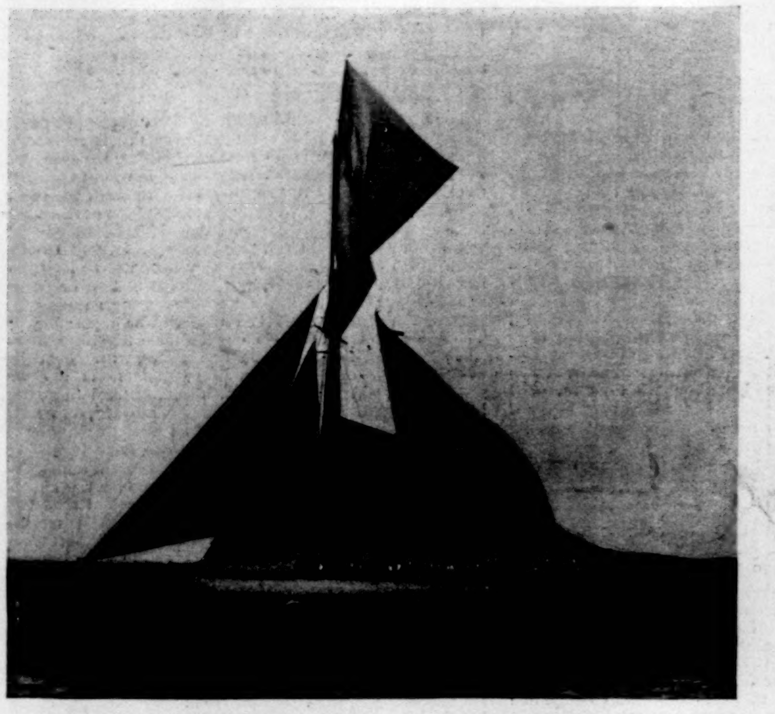
VIEW OF THE YACHTS AT RACE ROCK.

The withdrawal of *Vigilant* on conclusion of the Drexel cup race off Newport the 6th instant from subsequent events she had entered against *Defender* has, for the time being, quite overshadowed all else of a yachting nature. I wish most earnestly Mr. Willard had less cause for his action, and the incident were in fact so unimportant that it might be ignored. I wish, too, I might more often see the scales of justice balanced in sport. Disappointment comes too frequently to the average mortal to class its visitations as novel, but at least it is discouraging to repeatedly discover weakness where one has looked for a position so firmly intrenched behind rules and good sportsmanship as to be unassailable.

Mr. Willard's appeal to the New York Yacht Club on *Defender's* first offence was that of a yachtsman thoroughly conversant with the racing rules; his final communication withdrawing *Vigilant* is the letter of a sportsman who believes in a fair race and no favor, and retires from competition rather than resort to the tactics to which he objects. I give Mr. Willard's letter in full:

"DEAR SIRS,—I hereby withdraw *Vigilant's* entries for the race on Thursday and Saturday. In doing so I desire to add a few words of explanation. As you are aware, Mr. Gould, and I as his representative, fitted out and prepared *Vigilant* for racing for no purpose in the world except to assist in developing the fastest American yacht, and thus aid in the defence of the *America's* Cup. To this end Mr. Gould has cheerfully gone to great expense, and I have taken much pains and spent much time. I cannot, however, consent to continue racing *Vigilant* unless the contests are to be conducted according to the rules of yachting.

"I have now twice given way to *Defender* at the start of a race, when *Vigilant* clearly had the right of way, because I was unwilling to risk a collision which might leave America without a Cup defender. However willing I may have been to waive my rights in the past, I am not willing to go on waiving them indefinitely, and even if I were it is quite possible that a situation might be created in which collision would be inevitable.



"DEFENDER" IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BREAKING OF HER GAFF.

"Mr. Gould's sole desire, as well as my own, is that the Cup may be defended by the fastest American sloop, which might not be the case if *Vigilant* and *Defender* collided. As you know, I have already protested *Defender's* action at the start on July 22d.

"In to-day's race *Defender* again violated the rules and forced *Vigilant* out of a position to which she was entitled. In both cases there would have been a collision if *Vigilant* had not given way. In each case the responsibility of avoiding an accident was cast upon me. It would not be fair, either to the yacht or her owner, to continue racing under these conditions. Very respectfully yours,

E. A. WILLARD.

"NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, *Aug.* 6th."

In reply to which the N.Y.Y.C. Regatta Committee send Mr. Willard the two following letters:

"FLAG-SHIP 'SYLVIA,' NEWPORT
HARBOR, *Aug.* 7, 1895.

"*To E. A. Willard, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR,—Referring to your protest of July 22d, asking that *Defender* be disqualified for alleged violation of section 2, rule 16, of the racing rules, and referring to your subsequent request at the Vineyard for a postponement of a decision until the squadron returned to Newport, we beg to say that after mature consideration the committee has reached the conclusion that they cannot sustain the protest.

Yours respectfully,
S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL."

"FLAG-SHIP 'SYLVIA,' NEWPORT
HARBOR, *Aug.* 7, 1895.

"*To E. A. Willard, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, wherein you notify us of *Vigilant's* withdrawal from the Thursday and Saturday races of this week, and that you cannot continue racing unless the tests are to be conducted according to the rules of yachting. Our committee regrets your decision to retire from the racing. We also regret your published statement that racing rules are not being properly enforced. For this statement we consider there is no warrant.

Yours respectfully,
S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL."

It is exceedingly difficult to reconcile this decision of the Regatta Committee with the unimpeachable yachting reputations of the gentlemen composing that committee. No one supposes for an instant this committee's decisions could be influenced by prejudice; every one believes that its members are yachtsmen and sportsmen. Nevertheless, nine unbiased yachtsmen out of every ten who saw *Defender* and *Vigilant* on the occasions referred to by Mr. Willard believe the former violated the rules of the road.

The rules of the road are not ambiguous; they are very simple and very clear, the one broken by *Defender* being especially so, viz., "section 2, rule 16—a yacht free shall keep clear of one close-hauled."

It would be discreditable to the yachting knowledge and experience of Mr. Iselin, to say nothing of his two lieutenants, Captains Haff and Terry, to assume their ignorance of this or other racing rules. Since, then, there seems a general opinion among yachtsmen that *Defender* was guilty, as Mr. Willard claims, we must conclude that Mr. Iselin and his assistants transgressed wittingly, and in the belief that *Vigilant* would give way.

Defender's handlers, in short, have played upon Mr. Willard's well-known sportsmanship and reckoned upon the Regatta Committee's indulgence. In both instances they appear to have reckoned well. And it is this reckless disregard of all else save themselves and their mission, and the practical endorsement given them by the Regatta Committee through its letters to Mr. Willard, towards which this department directs its criticism. We are all, every last one of us, interested in the *Defender;* the better she is sailed, the faster she goes, the more we are pleased. We believe she is the fastest boat that has yet sailed in American waters, and the only one we have to defend the *America's* Cup against *Valkyrie;* but we do not believe the efforts of others should be hampered and their sportsmanship ignored.

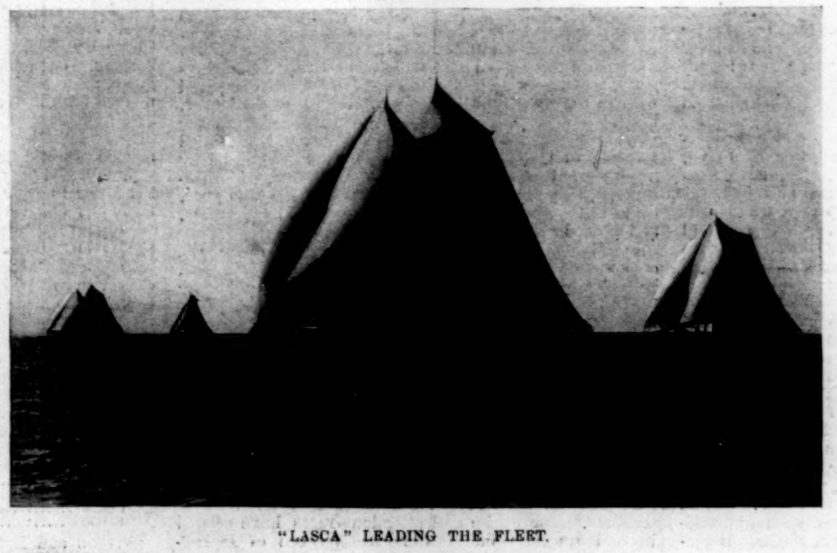
A syndicate of three men built the *Defender*. Another man expended upwards of $40,000 to improve and bring his yacht up to date for absolutely the sole purpose of providing a trial boat for the new cup-defender. Yet another man has taken the time from his ordinary affairs to give the trial yacht the benefit of his abundant and skilled experience. As between the five men I do not see that the preponderance of sportsmanship rests with the first three. If there is any difference, it must be decided in favor of the two that have expended money and time on a boat which neither they nor any one else ever expected would be faster than the new yacht. Certainly they were worthy of consideration. It is true that, as between *Defender* or *Vigilant* going to the bottom, as result of a collision, the average American would prefer *Vigilant* to be the unfortunate one. At the same time the average American knows that *Vigilant* has rights, which should be respected, and a chance of winning that should not be taken from her by a competitor regardless of rules. Considering that *Vigilant* was fitted out and has been raced for the benefit of the *Defender's* handlers and the betterment of the yacht itself, one might naturally suppose the beneficiaries would show their appreciation by at least adhering to the rules of racing.

There is a spirit which instigates and envelops just such deplorable *contre-temps* as this that is too prevalent in American sport. This spirit and another. We are too prone to "jockey," and we are too "foxy" by half. So many men that make themselves prominent in sport of one kind and another seem to have an ill-conceived and decidedly unwholesome idea of "jockeying." They interpret it as meaning the winning of an event more by reason of bothering and thus handicapping your opponent than because of your more skilful manœuvring within legitimate limits. Jockeying to them is knocking a man out of his stride when a bunch of half-milers is turning the corner and the referee cannot discover the offender; or winning a baseball game through rattling the pitcher by continuous uproar among partisan spectators, and blatant, reprehensible coaching on the field; or clipping the wheel of a leading cyclist and throwing him; or crowding a horse on to the rail; or disabling a football player whose effective work cannot be otherwise checked—all that is a kind of jockeying of which I regret to say we see too much, and largely because referees, judges, and committees so frequently fail of the sufficient courage of their convictions. A weak judge, a weak committee, and unscrupulous, unsportsmanlike contestants create a combination that soon makes havoc of the efforts to provide a fair field and no favor.

Gentlemen are generally supposed to be sportsmen (*i. e.*, of course, when they incline to sport); that is why we endeavor to elect gentlemen to the captaincy of college teams and crews, and put them on the committees of our clubs that have to do with yachting or polo or other sports. That is why, too, amateur sport has in the last ten years attained such universal recognition while professional sport has passed to degradation and almost out of existence. Not all gentlemen are sportsmen, but I have yet to see the sportsman that was not a gentleman by instinct, even if not by birth or education. A sportsman engages in sport for sport's sake only, and does by others as he would be done by. A "sporting man" or "sport" enters sport for mercenary motives, and prefers to "do" others.

This distinction between a sportsman and a "sporting man" is printed, by-the-way, for the edification of the Milwaukee editor who, in a very complimentary notice of this department recently, confounded the two.

The salvation, the vitality of American sport—of all sport—depends upon the quality of its sponsors. If our referees and committees are not in sympathy with the best side of sport—sport for sport's sake, not sport for the mere sake of winning—their predilections must dominate the entire field of contest. Like begets like—a game ruled by an eye that passes indulgently over "jockeying" will attract those having sharp practices to exploit. A game that appeals particularly to this class drives the sportsman from it as naturally as is the non-mixing of oil and water. It may be, and is, in fact, possible for honest and dishonest men to have commercial relations and dwell together in ostensible harmony. But not in sport. To one it is recreative, to the other it provides possible means to an unwholesome end.



"LASCA" LEADING THE FLEET.

And that other reprehensible quality, "foxiness," which we so frequently see in evidence. Why must it be? It is the weakest web in our entire sporting fabric, but those that indulge it believe it the very smartest, and so emphasize its poverty. "Foxiness" never won an event, nor in my recollection has it even resulted in any substantial gain to the one employing it. Nevertheless it is a quality cultivated to the highest degree. We are foxy, and therefore orthodox, when we send forth false reports concerning the performances of our college track athletes; when we decry their foot ball or baseball or rowing form, knowing it to be as good as, if not better than, our prospective opponents; when we refrain from measuring a yacht built to defend the *America's* Cup, and in which the entire country is interested, because we do not wish to "give away" her sail area to the challenger. This is to be properly "foxy," and it is to be as properly unsportsmanlike. There is preliminary and legitimate manœuvring to all sporting contests (none better than keeping one's mouth shut—quite manœuvre enough for most men), but deliberate deceit is unpardonable. Deceit under any and all conditions is despicable; in sport it is evidence of the lowest *morale*. Not all foxiness amounts to positive deceit, but the appearance of it at all in any degree is unnecessary. For instance, the reported reason for not measuring *Defender*; what difference would it make if Dunraven did know her dimensions? It is not likely he would thereupon rebuild *Valkyrie*, and meanwhile every American interested in the *Defender-Vigilant* racing is left without figures for an intelligent comparison of the two yachts, because, forsooth, the "premier" yacht club of America stoops to being at once "foxy" and intolerable. The object of contests between sportsmen is the determination which one is the fastest sprinter, or owns the fastest yacht or horse, in a fair race, under impartial rules, and with no extraneous interference or influence. Of what advantage is "foxiness" under these conditions?

I HAVE DIGRESSED A LONG WAY from the subject of my opening paragraph, and yet there is a relativeness in it all. I would not be understood as casting aspersions upon the honesty of the Regatta Committee's work—none who know these men would credit such an implication—but I do question the wisdom of their action, because, and solely because, it traduces the sporting principles that should underlie all struggles on land or water—sport for sport's sake—and a fair field and no favor. I am assuming that the committee saw *Defender's* violation of the rules of road; I assume also it was a violation—upon the statement of Mr. Willard, upon those that saw the incident, and upon my own best reading of the rule. My own idea of the affair is that Mr. Iselin and the Regatta Committee have fancied *Vigilant* worthy of no consideration except as a trial boat through which *Defender* might tune up—that she was sufficiently privileged in bearing that honor—and that *Defender*, as the prospective chosen one, was entitled to the right of way under all conditions. This is the sentiment to which I take objections. I have written at considerable length—could scarcely have taken more space, indeed, were the disputants *Defender* and *Valkyrie*. And I have done so because of the principle which seems to have been ignored—and is too frequently ignored—and because it is too easy to fall into the way of ignoring principles when the departure suits personal prejudice, or a regatta committee has not the courage to stand up for the right.

It is indicative of Mr. Willard's sportsmanship to learn that he has placed *Vigilant* at the disposal of the *America's* Cup Committee for the trial races to be held off Sandy Hook the 20th and 22d of this month. It is to be hoped both yachts will be measured before these races, which are to formally and definitely decide upon the Cup defender.

LAST WEEK WE LEFT THE N. Y. Y. C. fleet at New London on its eastward cruise. We had expected this week, with further comment on the racing, to reproduce a couple of panoramic views, taken for us during the fleet's visit, of the New London and Newport harbors. They are not yet ready, however, and publication must be deferred until next week.

From New London to Newport interest was increased in the cruise by the addition to the fleet of *Volunteer* (the '87 Cup defender), in sloop rig, and *Jubilee*. The latter did not enter the contest, and *Volunteer*, although not in strictly fighting trim, showed nevertheless she had dropped far astern in the evolution of the modern racing-machine. *Vigilant* ripped her mainsail from boom to first batten before the start, but nevertheless crossed and made a first-class showing, under the conditions, in the 40 miles of reaching and running. *Defender* made a good start, and was better handled throughout than she had been. How much difference *Vigilant's* rent mainsail made in her time is impossible to say—probably not a great deal, as the tear was just above the boom, and near the sail's leach—so that we can hardly figure on the result in calculations on *Defender's* speed; moreover, it was a fluky day that gave little tangible in the way of comparisons. Probably the most notable performer of the day was *Queen Mab*, which led the fleet across the line, and sailed a great race to the end. Winners:

Schooners—Class 1. *Constellation* beat *Ramona*, 6.04. Class 2. *Mayflower* beat *Emerald*, 3.52; *Lasca*, 6.44; *Merlin*, 7.36; *Alcæa*, 29.52. Class 3. *Iroquois* beat *Ariel*, 11.55; *Marguerite*, 12.36. Class 4. *Amorita* beat *Elsemarie*, 12.28; *Shamrock*, 17.39. Class 5, *Neæra* beat *Loyal*, 6.04.

Sloops and Cutters—Class 1. *Defender* beat *Vigilant*, 12.02, and *Volunteer*, 24.05. Class 2. *Queen Mab* beat *Hildegarde*, 12.26. Class 5. *Wasp* beat *Mineola*, 14.31. Class 6. *Uvira* beat *Norota*, 9 seconds.

THE GOELET CUP event off Newport, with *Defender* tuned up by the several previous days' racing, and *Vigilant* sailing as she never sailed before, promised to at length give us a closer estimate of the yachts' relative speed. We were still to be left with no positive information on their respective sailing lengths, the Regatta Committee not then, nor as yet (August 16th), having had them measured. It was a fairly steady wind, too, that held true, and made the work of the yachts indicative of their actual capabilities. In short, there were no flukes so far as weather was concerned. But the sloop race, which naturally narrowed down to a contest between *Defender* and *Vigilant*, failed of establishing the line between the two yachts we had hoped for, because *Defender* broke her hollow gaff squarely in the centre about two minutes after rounding the second mark, and some six miles from the finish. The course furnished a 13-mile beat dead to windward, 18 miles of a run, and 6½ miles of a close reach. *Defender* was handled very cleverly at the start, and went over the line almost on the report of the gun, *Volunteer* being within half a minute of her, followed by *Jubilee* another thirty seconds off. *Vigilant*, for her own good reasons, probably to have a freer course, did not cross the line until just before the handicap gun, or about 4½ minutes after *Defender*.

ALTHOUGH THE GREAT INTEREST OF THE DAY centred upon the work of *Defender* and *Vigilant*, yachtsmen watched closely the sailing of *Jubilee* and *Volunteer*. *Jubilee* has always had quite a following, especially among Bostonians, who believed her fast, and, I think, yachtsmen generally have wanted to see what she could do when she sailed a race through without breaking down. If we could take her for a line, we might very handily arrive at a close estimate of the improvement *Vigilant* has made in her speed over last year. But *Jubilee* has been improved also, and we are again defeated in our endeavor to learn where we are "at," so to say, as to *Defender's* actual speed. At all events, the race showed *Vigilant* unquestionably superior to *Jubilee*; both of them proved the '93 models fast enough to leave the old champion *Volunteer* far in the rear. From the very start *Defender* ate her way into the wind in an astonishing manner; indeed, her windward work seems to me the most remarkable. That she should point higher than *Vigilant*, which we thought last year lay as close to the wind as a craft with sails could, is a notable triumph of her designer. *Vigilant* showed a greater advance, however, over the others than did *Defender* over her. She crawled up perceptibly on *Jubilee*, and had passed *Volunteer* before the leg was half run. It took *Defender* 2 hours, 9 min., and 52 sec. to cover the windward leg of 13 miles; *Vigilant*, 2, 11, 57; *Jubilee*, 2, 18, 59; *Volunteer*, 2, 27, 11. On the 18-mile run to the next turning buoy *Defender* seemed to take veritable wings unto herself, and opened out the gap between her and *Vigilant* by great leaps. *Jubilee* probably created the most comment, for she actually covered the distance 2 minutes 16 seconds faster than *Vigilant*, though this may very likely be accounted for by a freshening wind which *Jubilee* brought with her.

Defender covered the 18-mile run in 2 hours, 3 min., 45 sec.; *Jubilee* in 2, 07, 0; *Vigilant*, 2, 09, 16; *Volunteer*, 2, 17, 0. Thus *Defender's* gain on this run over *Vigilant* was a few seconds over six minutes, or 8 minutes and something like 15 seconds in 13 miles of beating to windward, and 18 miles of a run—or 31 miles altogether.

ABOUT TWO MINUTES AFTER *Defender* rounded the second mark her gaff broke, and the race was at an end so far as she and *Vigilant* were concerned. *Vigilant* went very fast the remaining six miles, running completely away from *Jubilee*, which she left as though anchored, while old *Volunteer* covered the six miles 1 minute and 38 seconds faster than the Paine production. *Vigilant* went so well on this leg it is not likely, judging from past performance, *Defender* would have beaten her over two minutes, if that. But such figuring is hypothetical; indeed, so is all figuring on the two without knowing their measurement. What concerns us more closely is *Defender's* superiority in 30 miles—the distance at which she will meet *Valkyrie*. In 31 miles, then, *Defender* beat *Vigilant* about 7 minutes in actual sailing time. Assuming the two yachts were of equal measurement, the difference in *Defender's* favor would be satisfactory under ordinary circumstances; but circumstances are extraordinary this year, since *Valkyrie III.* has shown such marked superiority over *Britannia*—and hence 7 minutes does not seem comforting. Deduct now *Defender's* allowance to *Vigilant*—whatever it may be—some yachtsmen claiming it as much as 3 minutes, and others 1 minute and 30 seconds—and the situation is still less comforting. Yet from five to seven minutes seem to be just about what one may call the average superiority *Defender* has shown over *Vigilant* on elapsed time over thirty miles. There has been racing enough between the two to prove *Defender's* greater speed on an all-round course, but no performance of the new yacht has yet been good enough to put us at our ease over the safety of the cup.

The schooner end of the Goelet Cup racing was of itself attractive enough for one day's sport. Not before had three such two-stickers as the most recent racers *Lasca*, *Emerald*, *Amorita*, met off Newport, to say nothing of *Elsemarie*, *Merlin*, *Constellation*, *Mayflower*, and the rest. *Emerald* and *Lasca* very shortly left the fleet, save *Amorita*, well astern, and went duelling off shore, while *Amorita* kept well in and gained enough to enable her to cross *Emerald's* bows, a difference, however, that *Emerald* shortly corrected. *Lasca*, *Emerald*, and *Amorita* rounded the first mark in order named, and *Emerald* finally added one more cup to her owner's already large collection. Winners:

SCHOONERS.

	Start. H. M. S.	Finish. H. M. S.	Elapsed time. H. M. S.	Corrected time. H. M. S.
Constellation	11 39 53	....	....	....
Merlin	11 38 21	3 46 51	6 08 30	6 00 35
Lasca	11 36 48	5 19 24	5 42 36	5 34 38
Mayflower	11 40 00	5 40 24	6 00 24	5 50 05
Emerald	11 37 54	5 21 18	5 43 24	5 33 01
Marguerite	11 40 00	5 52 12	6 12 12	5 57 33
Amorita	11 36 30	5 35 13	5 58 43	5 27 01
Elsemarie	11 37 34	5 58 33	6 20 59	5 59 11
Loyal	11 38 25	6 25 17	6 46 52	6 15 01
Neæra	11 36 22	6 31 38	6 55 16	6 17 20
SLOOPS.				
Defender	11 30 33	....	....	....
Volunteer	11 30 39	5 00 04	5 29 25	....
Jubilee	11 31 09	4 44 00	5 12 51	....
Vigilant	11 34 32	4 38 09	5 03 37	....

THE FLEET SAILED FROM NEWPORT TO COTTAGE CITY and return in some splendid weather, which gave *Defender* the opportunity of showing her best qualities. Each way, 37 miles, she won handily, beating *Vigilant* 5 m. 32 s. to the eastward, and 9 m. 9 s. on the westward return. On the run to the Haven *Defender's* windward work, always good, was really astonishing, especially when compared with so speedy a rival as *Vigilant*. *Jubilee* cruised over, but *Volunteer*, game to the last, was raced for all she was worth, and though beaten a quarter of an hour, sailed fast and well. *Constellation* added to her reputation by finishing only 36 seconds astern of *Defender*, while *Romona*, which never sailed so well as she has this year, beat out *Vigilant* by two minutes. *Lasca* did handsomely, and evened accounts with *Emerald*. Winners:

Schooners—Class 1. *Constellation* beat *Ramona*, 17.12. Class 2. *Lasca* beat *Emerald*, 5.50; *Merlin*, 14.36; *Alcæa*, 17.48; and *Mayflower*, 22.47. Class 3. *Ariel* beat *Marguerite*, 4.05; *Iroquois*, 7.13 Class 4. *Amorita* beat *Elsemarie*, 9.32. Class 5. *Loyal* beat *Neæra*, 7.23.

Sloops—Class 1. *Defender* beat *Vigilant*, 6.24; *Volunteer*, 21.28. Class 3. *Queen Mab* beat *Hildegarde*, 6.14. Class 6. *Norota* beat *Uvira*, 4.00. Mixed Class. *Katrina* beat *Wasp*, 12.14.

But the run back to Newport was the most sport-giving of the cruise, barring the record-breaking sail to New London. There was a fine club-topsail breeze and a 37-mile course that gave about equal legs of windward-work and reaching. On the windward leg of 19¼ miles *Defender* beat *Vigilant* 5 m. 6 s., while the latter worsted *Jubilee* 9¼ m.; on the close reach of 17¾ miles *Defender* gained 4 m. 3 s. on *Vigilant*, and the latter only 1 m. 17 s. on *Jubilee*. *Defender* left no room to doubt her superiority over *Vigilant*. The cruise and attendant races have settled beyond question indeed the greater speed of *Defender* on all points of sailing, save possibly running before a very light wind. No trial races are needed to determine that matter. *Jubilee's* showing on this run back to Newport was excellent—enough so to strengthen the good opinion of those that have remained steadfast in their faith. She was beaten 19 minutes 58 seconds by *Defender*, and 10 minutes 49 seconds by *Vigilant* on the 37 miles, but she did not use her club-topsail, and her work generally was first class. Between *Vigilant* and *Jubilee* there is probably about as many minutes in the former's favor as there is in *Defender's* favor over *Vigilant*, but *Jubilee* is none the less stanch and speedy. *Queen Mab* again performed at her best, which is nothing short of remarkable. Take it all in all, her sailing on the cruise has been the most notable of any yacht, single or two-sticker. *Constellation* maintained her gait, as did *Emerald*, *Ariel*, and *Amorita*. Winners:

Schooners—Class 1. *Constellation* beat *Ramona*, 28.44. Class 2. *Emerald* beat *Merlin*, 25.35. Class 3. *Ariel* beat *Marguerite*, 20.40. Class 4. *Amorita* beat *Elsemarie*, 10.59. Class 5. *Loyal* beat *Neæra*, 6.19.

Sloops—Class 1. *Defender* beat *Vigilant*, 9.09, and *Jubilee*, 19.58. Class 3. *Queen Mab* beat *Hildegarde*, 18.30 Class 6. *Uvira* beat *Norota*, 6.58, and *Gossoon*, 18.52. Mixed Class—*Wasp* beat *Katrina*, 16.52.

THE CRUISE CAME TO A PRACTICAL and most successful end on the return to Newport, when the winners of special prizes in addition to those of regular squadron runs were declared. Fleet-Captain Robinson's prize for schooner winning greatest number of runs was a tie between *Constellation* and *Amorita*. Secretary Oddie's prize for sloops under same conditions was won by *Queen Mab*. *Defender* won Rear-Commodore Bergen's prize for yacht finishing first most frequently.

The Drexel cups, of which there were eight, divided among the several classes of schooners and sloops, brought *Defender* and *Vigilant* together again for another great race (after what came near being a foul by *Defender* at start), and the former showed a turn of speed on windward-work that has never been equalled. In a 7-mile beat she gained 5 min. 18 sec. on *Vigilant*; on the second leg—a reach—her gain was but 1 min. 22 sec., and on the run home *Vigilant* was the gainer by 30 seconds. Winners:

Schooners—Class 2. *Emerald* beat *Marguerite*, 12.00. Class 4. *Amorita* beat *Elsemarie*, 3.02. Class 5. *Loyal* beat *Neæra*.

Sloops—Class 1, *Defender* beat *Vigilant*, 6.10. Class 3. *Queen Mab* beat *Hildegarde*, 16.38. Class 6. *Uvira* beat *Norota*, 8.24.

The classes did not fill out as well as was expected or the sportsmanship of the donor deserved. It seems we have not yet enough yachtsmen, or those we have are not keen enough, or, what is equally likely, have not the time to extend the racing interest beyond a week or ten days at most. The proposed week of racing at Newport, which it was hoped to make into something of a "Cowes week," was a flat failure, though this was due largely to the withdrawal of *Vigilant*. The yachting interest is growing all the time, however, and perhaps in two or there years we may reach the point where a week's racing on termination of the N. Y. Y. C. cruise will be a possibility. The one notable performance of the town regatta was *Jubilee's* good work on the 8th, over 21 miles, with a leg each of windward-work—one of a broad and one of a close reach. *Defender* beat her 9 m. 19 sec. elapsed time, the largest gain of the new yacht being to windward, on which seven-mile leg she beat *Jubilee* 7 m. 54 sec.

THE LAST TWO WEEKS of lawn-tennis have furnished a number of surprises; but only one of them, Wrenn's defeat by Stevens, has any especial bearing on the championship, which is now fast approaching. Not that any one believes Stevens will be able to repeat the performance, or will himself be more dangerous at Newport than he has usually been, but it shows Wrenn in much poorer form than he should be at this time. Stevens is always dangerous, because he invariably plays a steady game, and one that, without being brilliant, is hard to beat. He is particularly dangerous to such men as Larned, Hobart, Wrenn, or Hovey on one of their frequent off days. The Southampton tournament contained little of interest, until Howland, who had won from Foote, met Larned for the championship. Wrenn and Chace had gone down before the final days, in both singles and doubles, to Howland and Foote, who had rightly earned their way to the final rounds. They certainly played by far the best tennis of the week up to the championship round. One may always count upon a good match when Howland and Larned meet, but Southampton provided the most exciting of any between them this year. Larned at his best is the more skilful by many points and his game more brilliant, but Howland is the steady one, besides having a hard game to beat. When each is playing at top form, Larned's superiority is very apparent; but when he lets up a bit, Howland pushes him close. Larned's occasional careless play nearly cost him the Southampton match, though he finally won after a hard struggle—8–6, 6–3, 5–7, 10–8.

THE NORWOOD PARK TOURNAMENT, as it did also last year, has proved the most attractive fixture next to Newport. This year it has been particularly interesting, by reason of the several surprises awaiting as many matches. Despite its ending, Stevens must be called the star of the week, for having played Wrenn to a standstill and beaten Chace 6–2, 8–6, 6–4, playing good hard tennis into the bargain. Both men attempted to beat him at his own game, after having exhausted their own, but Stevens remained unruffled, and would have beaten Wrenn on their first meeting but for darkness, that put an end to the play, and in the second it looked as if the two out of three instead of usual three out of five set match saved Wrenn.

Wrenn had previously beaten Larned 6–3, 6–3, 6–4, with the latter in poor form, before he met Stevens the first time, but failed to show play good enough to make a victory over Stevens assured. In fact, the form of the three men, who might have been called the stars—Wrenn, Larned, and Chace—was the poorest. Howland had a bad elbow, and retired after being beaten by Chace 7–5, 6–4, 6–3. Foote made an excellent showing in all his matches, a much stronger one (in play, if not in score) than Parker, who seemed to be outclassed. After Larned's poor exhibition *vs.* Wrenn he gave a glimpse of his true form against Stevens and Chace, for both of whom he set too hot a pace, winning 6–1, 6–0, 6–0, and 7–5, 8–6, 6–1. Chace must not expect lobbing alone to do much for him at Newport. Larned has improved, but Wrenn must work unceasingly if he expects to retain his title. Summary:

Player.	Won.	Lost.	Player.	Won.	Lost.
Larned	5	1	Foote	2	4
Wrenn	5	1	Parker	1	5
Chace	4	2	Howland	0	6
Stevens	4	2			

Wrenn and Larned play off the tie Monday, August 12th.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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